

MONTANA

the magazine of western history

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LEWIS AND CLARK MEETING THE FLATHEADS AT ROSS' HOLE

FROM THE ORIGINAL OIL BY CHARLES M. RUSS

SUMMER, 1955

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, SESQUICENTENNIAL ISSUE

Authentic events of the Old West. Excitement, adventure, superb reading!

MONTANA

the magazine of western history

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NUMBER THREE

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THE COVER. This remarkable 25 feet-long oil is undoubtedly the finest painting ever produced by Charles M. Russell. It is, as well, the most significant work of art extant dealing with the famous expedition and the largest canvas Russell produced. Because of its commanding position behind the Speaker's desk in the State House of Representatives' Chamber, State Capitol, Helena, it has been seen by countless people. We are privileged to reproduce it here, for the first time in color, for the benefit of all Americans.

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"I WILL BELIEVE . . ."

Just 150 years ago a great American explorer gave an answer to pessimists. His words still ring true today.

By Senator Richard L. Neuberger, Oregon

One hundred and fifty-one years ago the most eventful exploration in American history began. On May 14, 1804, Captain Lewis, Lieutenant Clark and their men headed westward from St. Louis on the first of all journeys across our country to the Pacific.

They were men who did not fear the future. I like to think of them as they trekked resolutely into the wilderness, beyond the orbit of any maps then made. Some prophets of doom had predicted the pilgrimage never would be heard of again. Timid people muttered of canyons which dropped off into celestial space, of peaks of glass and rock salt that scraped the sky.

These forebodings failed to discourage the *voyageurs* and frontiersmen with Lewis and Clark. They would credit such grim obstacles when they encountered them, and not before. Their spirit characterized a man "of courage undaunted," as President Jefferson described the expedition's principal leader, Captain Meriwether Lewis of the U. S. Army.

One day Lewis glimpsed, faint and far off on the western horizon, sharp fangs of granite and ice—the Rocky Mountains.

That night, beside the campfire, he wrote in his journal: "When I reflected on the difficulties which this snow barrier would most probably throw in my way to the Pacific, and the sufferings and hardships of myself and party in them, it in some measure counterbalanced the joy I had felt in the first moments in which I had gazed on them. But as I had always held it a crime to anticipate evils, I will believe it a good comfortable road, until I am compelled to believe differently."

Meriwether Lewis was never a leader who plunged recklessly ahead. Indeed, he lost not a soul of his party to Indian skirmishes because he scouted each pass and defile with thorough caution. Yet fears had no part in deciding his travel route of 18 weary months to Oregon. Dismay, Lewis knew, could be the worst ambush of all. Blizzards, famine and flaming arrows might stop his westward course but fright and alarms—never!

Today, millions of American homes mark the moccasin tracks of this adventurer who carried the flag to the timbered headlands guarding the Pacific. If people of our era succumb temporarily to warnings of disaster, the words of a gallant explorer should steady their faith: ". . . I will believe it a good comfortable road, until I am compelled to believe differently."

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In commemorating the 150th anniversary of the expedition, the New York Life Insurance Co. commissioned Dean Cornwell to do this painting. On a high cutbank on the Upper Missouri River, Clark is seated, left, with a map, while Lewis prepares to take a reading through his octant.

Lewis and Clark, besides signifying the names of the leaders of our "national epic of exploration," are entitled to a place among the world's classic examples of friendship between men; like Damon and Pythias and the Biblical David and Jonathan. Captain Meriwether Lewis in asking his friend William Clark to share equal rank and the dangers, hardships and sufferings on the expedition also offered him the opportunity of rewards of success afterwards and of immortal fame. Certainly, American history does not offer a finer example of magnanimity in a public enterprise than Captain Meriwether Lewis'. The relations between these two men hold an unparalleled place in our national annals.

In appearance and temperament they were the antithesis of one another; but they shared one likeness in the same degree—their devoted mutual affection. Captain Lewis had light brown hair, dark blue eyes, stood fully six feet tall and was as handsome in symmetry of face and figure as the Greek sculptor's conception of the god, Apollo; Captain Clark had dark red hair, blue eyes and measured his friend in height, but lacked Lewis's classic features. His face was long and rather asymmetrical, though not unpleasingly so. Lewis was cultured, educated in book learning, poetic, sensi-

tive, modest in manner, with a quiet sense of humor, serious, kind, generous, and fond of animals and outdoor life—a rare example of the balanced mental-physical type. Clark was uneducated in book knowledge, was pre-dominantly the action type, a practical, vigorous, simple soul and a born leader. He was a bold, self-reliant frontiersman and something of a gallant with the ladies; a gay fellow, generous, loyal, likable; a favorite among the Indians and everyone with whom he came in contact.

Meriwether Lewis, born on August 18, 1774, near Charlottesville in Albemarle

Fabled Friendship--Lewis and Clark

By Helen Howard Overland

See pages 32, 33 for a detailed cartographic drawing of the expedition route.

County, Virginia, was named for his mother's family. His father, Colonel William Lewis of the Continental Army, died while Meriwether was still a child, leaving him and his younger brother, Reuben. The management of the farm and the early education of young Meriwether devolved upon his mother, described as "a woman of capacity and judgment." The boy was soon placed under the guardianship of his uncle, Nicholas Lewis. He enjoyed a happy childhood at his country home, rambling in the forest, acquainting himself with its animal and plant life and laying the foundation experience for future achievement. Indeed, at the age of eight, he had already acquired a neighborhood fame as a hunter. His illustrious neighbor, Thomas Jefferson, told in later years how his very young friend, Meriwether, used to go into the woods alone at night with his dogs to hunt raccoon and opossum, and used to bring home the game, too.

An anecdote of Lewis's boyhood, recounted by one of his relatives, is that when Meriwether was nine, the settlement feared an Indian attack. The men seized their arms and went out to fight, while the women and children retreated to a camp in the woods. That night while the women were preparing supper around the fire, an arrow whizzed into their midst. Some screamed and ran frantically back and forth, while others snatched their children and cowered. With a precocious presence of mind the boy, Meriwether, threw a bucket of water on the fire, quenching it. The attack did not materialize in the darkness.

The historian, Gilmer, relates the same incident in "The First Settlers of Upper Georgia," but places the scene there and states that Lewis was around eighteen. It seems that not long after his father's death his mother married Captain John Marks and moved to Georgia. After his step-father's death Meriwether went into the deep South to bring his mother back to the Virginia farm. According to Gilmer it was on the return trail, with a party of travellers, that they were attacked by Indians when the incident occurred. Regardless of discrepancies, the incident seems true.

At thirteen, young Meriwether began his formal education. He was placed in a Latin school where he remained until he turned eighteen. Although still a boy



William Clark, in a very good portrait study by the artist Chester Hardins, probably done within two decades after the expedition.

in years he left school then and undertook the active management of his mother's farm.

The handsome young Lewis might have settled down to the life of a country gentleman had not his ambitions of becoming an explorer been given a thrilling impetus by the Journal of Alexander MacKenzie's transcontinental trip, published in 1793. That same year the adventurous youth—then nineteen—requested his friend, Secretary of State Jefferson, to place him in charge of a western exploring expedition, when Michaux failed that mission. He made the request in full knowledge that the leader was to have only a single companion. Jefferson sent him a gentle refusal. But Lewis's courage must have impressed the statesman because his petition later bore fruit.

Until he was twenty, Lewis remained a farmer. But destiny was shaping his career with the slowness and thoroughness of the grinding mills of the gods. In 1794 the Whiskey Rebellion against federal excise tax broke out in western Pennsylvania and threatened to spread into Virginia and Maryland. President Washington issued a call to mobilize 13,000 militiamen. Meriwether Lewis, son of a colonel in the Revolutionary Army, answered the call to arms by enlisting as a private in a volunteer company. When the rebellion was quelled he transferred to regular service on May 1, 1795, as an ensign in the First Infantry. Then, shortly followed his promotion to a lieutenancy. Two years later, when only twenty-three, he was commissioned a Captain to command an infantry company in Captain Isaac Guion's expedition to take over Spanish forts on the Mississippi. He also distinguished himself under General "Mad Anthony" Wayne during the latter's Northwestern campaign.

For several years Captain Lewis served as paymaster of his regiment. Finally, in 1801 his neighbor, Thomas Jefferson, became President of the United States. Having known Meriwether

Lewis since infancy, the President immediately appointed him as his private secretary. Friendly enough before, the first executive of the land and the young army officer now were to live on terms of intimacy, both domestic and official. Jefferson offered Lewis board and lodging with the President's family, free of charge, because the salary of secretary "is scarcely more than an equivalent for your pay & rations," as he explained in his letter of appointment.

By 1802 as Jefferson commenced to see possibilities of realizing his dream to explore the country west of the Mississippi, he offered the command of such an expedition to Lewis; probably remembering his young friend's request of nine years before. It was accepted with enthusiasm. Thus Meriwether Lewis, at twenty-nine, became the leader of the greatest American exploring expedition ever undertaken, in point of view of its difficulties, its contributions to scientific knowledge and its historically significant results in westward expansion.

In explaining why he chose his private secretary for such an important mission, Jefferson wrote a paragraph in his Memoir of Lewis, after the gallant captain's death, which has become an immortal tribute to his memory:

"I had now had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded, by the exact observations of the vegetables and animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding; and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves—with all these qualifications,

Captain Meriwether Lewis statue located at
Columbia, Missouri.

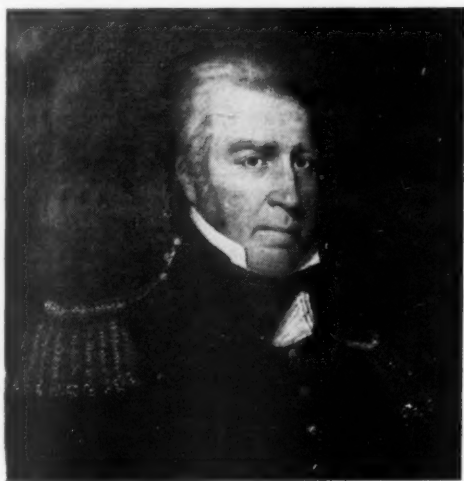
as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

So Jefferson sent Lewis to Philadelphia in July of 1802, in order to acquire "a greater familiarity with the technical language of the natural sciences, and readiness in the astronomical observations necessary for the geography of his route." He spent several months there under the tutorship of eminent scientists.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK

During the preparation for the expedition Lewis suggested to Jefferson that he be permitted to chose a coadjutor in case anything should happen to him. To this the President agreed and Lewis immediately sent a letter to his boyhood chum, William Clark.

Like Lewis, Clark was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, on August 1, 1770, so was four years older than his friend. William was the ninth child in the family of John and Ann Rogers Clark. His big brother, George Rogers, the second born, distinguished himself as the fabulous frontier soldier in the campaigns against the French forts of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, when the red-headed freckle-faced Will was yet a toddler.



Capt. William Clark, from an original painting in the Filsin Club, Louisville, Ky.



The Lewises, in the next county, were considered near neighbors for those days and the boys, William and Meriwether, shared each other's companionship at every opportunity. In this casual, childish way began the rare friendship that was welded in manhood through sharing their labors and adventures.

In 1784, when young Will was a lank boy of fourteen, the family moved to Bear-grass Creek near the present site of Louisville, Kentucky. Here he spent the remainder of his youth in a true frontier atmosphere. It gave young Clark plenty of opportunity for developing qualities of self-reliance and boldness that were to prove so valuable to him later.

Since Indian troubles were numerous, nineteen-year-old William enlisted in an infantry company in 1789. He campaigned under Colonel John Hardin in an expedition against the tribesmen north of the Ohio river. Young Clark's rise as a leader was meteoric. The year after his enlistment, on January 8, 1790, he was commissioned a captain of militia and saw service in the campaign against the Creeks and Cherokees. Then, in 1791, he transferred to the regular army again with the rank of lieutenant of infantry, serving in the Wabash Expedition under General Scott. He was only twenty-one, but already his resourcefulness and courage were noteworthy.

"He is a youth of solid and promising parts, and as brave as Caesar," wrote the surgeon, Dr. James O'Fallon, to Colonel Jonathan Clark, William's eldest brother. By 1793 Clark was promoted to First Lieutenant in the Fourth Sub-Legion of General Wayne's Western Army, and was detailed as an engineer to construct forts along the line of advance. A year later he was in command of a detachment of 80 men and 700 pack-horses to transport supplies to Fort Greenville. On one trip his train was attacked by a superior force of Indians. With the coolness and strategy of a seasoned officer Lieutenant Clark repulsed the hostiles and won commendation from Wayne.

This innate capacity for leadership was fully recognized in 1795 when he was entrusted with important missions to the Spanish, who exhibited a wholesome respect toward the twenty-five-year-old lieutenant. While serving under Wayne, young Clark renewed the companionship with his boyhood friend, Meriwether Lewis. On one expedition he was his friend's superior officer.

Like Lewis, destiny was surely shaping Clark's career, too, for his military experiences taught him the principles of engineering and draughtsmanship and how to command men and maintain discipline—very valuable lessons in view of his part in the exploring expedition later. He received his discharge from the army in 1796 because of ill health, and returned to his old occupation of farmer. For several years he helped his brother, General George Rogers Clark, in his pecuniary difficulties; not only with his own savings but his services also. His life was practically devoted to his brother until the arrival of Lewis's letter in July of 1803.

Their letters are all that remain now of an original source to reveal this intimate friendship, which seems to have existed without any hint of discord throughout the expedition and afterward. The letter that changed the course of William Clark's life was dated "Wash-

ington, June 19th, 1803." Only the personal parts of the following communications are quoted, the technical matter pertaining to the expedition being omitted.

Dear Clark,

. . . . From the long and uninterrupted friendship and confidence which has subsisted between us I feel no hesitation in making to you the following communication under the fulest impression that it will be held by you inviolably secret untill I see you, or you shall hear again from me.

During the last session of Congress a law was passed in conformity to a private message of the President of the United States, intitled "An Act making an appropriation for extending the external commerce of the United States." The object of this Act as understood by its framers was to give the sanction of the government to exploring the interior of the continent of North America, or that part of it bordering on the Missourie & Columbia Rivers. This enterprise has been confided to me by the President, and in consequence since the beginning of March I have been engaged in making the necessary preparations for the tour, these arrangements being now nearly completed, I shall set out for Pittsburgh (the intended point of embarkation) about the last of this month, and as soon after as from the state of the water you can reasonably expect me I shall be with you, say about the 10th of August

Thus my friend you have so far as leasure will at this time permit me to give it to you, a summary view of the plan, the means and the objects of this expedition, if therefore there is anything under those circumstances, in this enterprise, which would induce you to participate with me in it's fatiegues, it's dangers and it's honors, believe me there is no man on earth with whom I should feel equal pleasure in sharing them as with yourself; I make this communication to you with the privity of the President, who expresses an anxious wish that

you would consent to join me in this enterprise; he has authorized me to say that in the event of your accepting this proposition he will grant you a Captain's commission which of course will intitle you to the pay and emoluments attached to that office and will equally with myself intitle you to such portion of land as was granted to off(ic)ers of similar rank for their Revolutionary services; the commission with which he proposes to furnish you is not to be considered temporary but permanent if you wish it; your situation if joined with me in this mission will in all respects be precisely such as my own. Pray write to me on this subject as early as possible and direct to me at Pittsburgh. Should you feel disposed not to attach yourself to this party in an official character, and at the same time feel a disposition to accompany me as a friend any part of the way up the Missourie I should be extremely happy in your company, and will furnish you with every aid for your return from any point you might wish it.

With sincere and affectionate regard
your friend & Humbl servt.

Meriwether Lewis.

Clark's reply was both enthusiastic and boyish.

Clarksville 17th July 1803

Dear Lewis

I received by yesterday's Mail your letter of the 19th ulto; the contents of which I received with MUCH PLEASURE. The enterprise & Mission is such as I have long anticipated & am much pleased with and as my situation in life will admit of my absence the length of time necessary to accomplish such an undertaking, I will cheerfully join you in an "official character" as mentioned in your letter and partake of all the Dangers, difficulties & fatigues, and I anticipate the honors & rewards of the result of such an enterprise should we be successful in accomplishing it. This is an imense undertaking fraught with numerous difficulties, but my friend I can assure that no man lives with whom I would prefer

to undertake and share the Difficulties of such a trip than yourself. I reserve nothing from you that will add either to yr profit or satisfaction and shall arrange my matters as well as I can against your arrival here. . . .

Pray write to me by every post, I shall be exceedingly anxious to know where you are and how you proceed.

With every assurance of sincerity in every respect, and with affn yr fd & H. Sr.

W. C.

Lewis's answer to this letter, though written in the formal style of the day, discloses his pleasure at Clark's acceptance.

Pittsburgh August 3, 1803

Dear Clark

Yours of the 19th & 24th Ult have been duly received, and be assured I feel myself much gratified with your decision; for I could neither hope, wish, or expect from a union with any man on earth, more perfect support or further aid in the discharge of the several duties of my mission, than that, which I am confident I shall derive from being associated with yourself. . . .

I have been detained much longer than I expected but shall be with you by the last of this month.

Your sincere friend & Obt. Servt.

Meriwether Lewis.

The Louisiana Purchase Treaty was signed May 2, 1803, but official information of the transfer did not reach Washington until two months later. Jefferson apparently had secret information that Louisiana would be ceded to the United States by purchase, for he had already directed his private secretary to prepare to lead the exploring party. Later Captain Lewis had received orders from the President to proceed to Pittsburgh and construct boats for the journey by water to St. Louis. In Lewis's letter to Clark, inviting the latter to join him on the expedition, under date of June 19, 1803, he hints at the negotiation:

"You must know in the first place that very sanguine expectations are at this time formed by our Government that the whole of that immense country watered by the Mississippi and its tributary streams, Missouri inclusive, will be the property of the U. States in less than 12 Months from this date: but here let me again impress you with the necessity of keeping this matter a perfect secret."

The information of the Purchase reached the national capitol on the first of July and Lewis left Washington on the fifth. The project was then no longer a secret and the expedition could proceed through the territory of the United States. It was organized as a military detachment, though supervised by the President himself, instead of the War Department, and was scientific in purpose.

Clark joined Lewis at the Point of Rocks on the Kentucky side of the Ohio and went on to St. Louis where the rest of the party was recruited. They made their first winter camp a few miles up the Missouri on the River Du Bois in Illinois, because the Spanish commandant at St. Louis had received no official notice from his government that the United States owned the country, so he refused to give the explorers permission to pass through the Spanish territory.

The delay proved a blessing in disguise, for in camp during the winter of 1803-04 the final preparations for the journey were made. Clark was organizing, drilling and disciplining the men, while Lewis consulted the French fur traders about the country and completed the buying of equipment. In the spring Captain Lewis was one of the official witnesses of the formal transfer of Upper Louisiana from Spain to France, then from France to the United States.

On March 26, 1804, Clark was commissioned a second lieutenant of artillerists though he had expected the rank of captain. This hurt Clark, and no doubt surprised Lewis. The latter, though, never in any way indicated to his friend—his senior by four years—that officially he was his superior. Always on the expedi-

tion he secured Clark's sanction before pursuing a course of action, and stood by his promise in other ways to consider his friend his equal in rank.

By May 14 the expedition of 45 members embarked from Camp Du Bois and poled and sailed up the Missouri. On their arrival at the Mandan villages where they spent the winter of 1804-05, Lewis made one of his occasionally humorous entries in his journal:

"Visited by many of the natives, smoked with them, after which they retired, a deportment not common, for they usually pester us with their good company the balance of the day, after once being introduced to our department."

It was at Fort Mandan that the only woman on the expedition was added. This was the justly famous Sacagawea. The leaders had employed her husband, Toussaint Charbonneau, as an interpreter, and she was to assist him in that capacity besides acting as guide. At seventeen when she joined the expedition, she was an intelligent smiling slip of a girl, graceful in her actions, who cheerfully bore the hardships of the journey. She became, on February 11, 1805, the mother of a boy-child, Baptiste, born at the fort.

By April 7 the expedition, now reduced to 31 persons, left the Mandan villages and continued the ascent of the Missouri. The party embarked in six small canoes and two large pirogues. In recording this occasion Captain Lewis's entry, written with engaging naivete, reveals his elation, his modesty, his keen insight into psychology, and discloses how close to his heart was the success of the expedition:

"This little fleet although not quite so respectable as those of Columbus or Capt. Cook, were still viewed by us with as much pleasure as those deservedly famed adventurers ever beheld theirs; and I dare say with quite as much anxiety for their safety and preservation. we were now about to penetrate a country at least



When the talented Carl Bodmer travelled into the Upper Missouri River country with Prince Maximilian zu Wied in the early 1830's he painted people and scenes much as Lewis and Clark had seen. Left is a young Piegan; right, a Mandan Indian buffalo dancer.



two thousand miles in width, on which the foot of civilized man had never trodden; the good or evil it had in store for us was for experiment yet to determine, and these little vessells contained every article by which we were to expect to subsist or defend ourselves. however, as the state of mind in which we are, generally gives the colouring to events, when the imagination is suffered to wander into futurity, the picture which now presented itself to me was a most pleasing one. enterta(in)ing as I do, the most confident hope of succeeding in a voyage which had formed a da(r)ling project of mine for the last ten years, I could but esteem this moment of my departure as among the most happy of my life."

As the expedition advanced beyond Fort Mandan adventures crowded on them, and it is then that we come to know the admirable characters of Captains Lewis and Clark; how they faced each situation and how they treated their subordinates.

The first alarming incident occurred late one afternoon when the leaders were hiking along the banks of the Missouri. The canoe containing all the papers, scientific instruments, and medicines was breasting the waves under a square sail with Cruzatte at the bow and Charbonneau, a poor steersman, at the rudder. A lusty squall caught the sail obliquely, turning it. Charbonneau lost his head and instead of swinging the craft before the wind luffed her into it. The wind wrenched the square sail's brace out of

the hand of the man holding it and the canoe heeled over on its gunwale, only the awning preventing it from capsizing.

When the canoe tipped, Sacagawea seized her papoose in one hand and with the other retrieved most of the articles floating around. Captain Lewis, who witnessed the accident from the shore, had an impulse to strip his leather garments and swim to the rescue, but he wisely restrained his rash thought. Lewis commended Sacagawea's presence of mind in his journal:

"The Indian woman, to whom I ascribe equal fortitude and resolution with any person on board at the time of the accident, caught and preserved most of the light articles which were washed overboard."

It was not long till the opportunity came for the Captains to act as the saviors of Sacagawea. A violent illness accompanied by a high fever possessed her as the party neared the Great Falls. For seven days she lay too weak to move. Captain Clark acted as her doctor while Captain Lewis was the consulting physician and chief dietician. Clark's solicitude for her he records in his practical, sententious way:

"The enterpreters wife verry sick so much so that I move her into the back part of the Perogue which is cool, her own situation being a verry hot one in the bottom of the Perogue exposed to the Sun."

Above the mouth of the Maria's river Captain Lewis with four men left the main party and hiked up-stream to scout



This was artist A. E. Matthews' conception of famed Black Eagle Falls which he viewed 63 years after it was discovered by the first white men, members of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Lewis described it as a "sublimely grand spectacle."

for the Great Falls of the Missouri. When, guided by their "thundrous roar," he discovered them he was much affected on being the first white man to behold "this sublimely grand spectacle." Although not literary he was keenly sensitive to natural beauty and reported that he "was so much disgusted with the imperfect idea which it conveyed of the scene that I determined to draw my pen across it and begin agin, but then reflected that I could not perhaps succeed better than pening the first impressions of the mind." He walked along the banks viewing the cataracts, fascinated by the liquid shadows and patterns in the ceaseless turmoil of the plunging waters.

It was to be his day of adventures. On his return to camp he killed a large buffalo. So intently did he watch to see the bull fall that he forgot to reload. Suddenly his eye was attracted by a stealthy movement near him. He was startled to find a large, brown bear creeping up not over 20 paces away. He escaped only by leaping down an embankment and plunging into waist-deep water.

Then, after the bear departed, recovering his gun, he continued on toward the Medicine or Sun river. In the bottom lands he met what he thought was a wolf but was probably a wolverine. When the animal snarled and crouched as if about to spring, Lewis shot the beast, which vanished in a burrow. Like a character in an adventure tale he had proceeded only a little way when three bull buffaloes came charging toward him but suddenly halted about 100 yards away.

Captain Lewis again resumed his way in the dark, musing on the day's extraordinary sequence of experiences. The prickly pear thorns sticking his tired and sore feet gave him concrete proof that his adventures were not illusions whenever he was inclined to doubt their reality. He reached his party. As though fate had planned a climax he discovered, on awaking the next morning, a large rattlesnake coiled on the trunk of the tree under which he had been sleeping!

Nor were all the adventures reserved for Captain Lewis. While making the portage of the falls Captain Clark had his share, too. Accompanied by Charbonneau, Sacagawea, her papoose, and York, his negro servant, who left the others to hunt, Clark was walking along the bluffs to recover some baggage when he noticed a black cloud approaching. They had no sooner reached the shelter of a rock ledge in a coulee bottom than the storm broke in a deluge of rain with thunder and lightning. Somewhere up the ravine a cloudburst fell. Clark, ever the alert frontiersman, saw a wall of water 15 feet high rushing down on them, carrying boulders and rushes in its swirling flood.

As they were near the river a short distance above the 87-foot falls, they would be swept to their deaths if the cloudburst caught them. Instantly perceiving the danger Clark grabbed his rifle and shot pouch with his left hand and with the other clutched Sacagawea, who had only time to snatch her baby out of its cradle before the first rush of the torrent struck them, sweeping every-

The famous Cowboy Artist, Charles M. Russell was always intrigued with the expedition. This is one of his rare paintings on the subject. Information is sought as to location of the original.



Captain Clark, Chaboneau, Sacagawea, and Papoose in the Cloud-burst near the Great Falls on June 20, 1805. (From a drawing by Russell.)

thing else away. In waters sucking at his waist Clark scrambled up the sides of the coulee pushing the Indian girl before him. Charbonneau, who clutched Sacagawea's hand, seemed stricken with fear at intervals and froze in his tracks. Clark roared sharp commands at him to keep moving. Breathing heavily and drenched to the skin they gained the hill-top and found York who had been searching for them.

Although Captain Lewis came from one of the "first families" of old Virginia he was not snobbish about his ancestry. On the trip all the men not only shared the same food but the same work. On four occasions Captain Lewis—the official leader of the expedition—served as cook. He makes a matter-of-fact announcement of the arrangement. After detailing the various tasks to which he put the crew—some were busy shaping skins over the iron frame of a boat for their voyage on to the source of the Missouri after portaging the falls, while others hunted—"and to myself," he wrote, "I assign(ed) the duty of cook and made each man a large suet dumpling by way of a treat."

As they approached the headwaters of the Missouri, Sacagawea recognized

the country and frequently assured the captains they would soon reach the three forks, the place where she had been captured by the Minnetarees. Beyond the source of the Missouri the party hoped to find her Shoshone people and trade for horses, so vital to the journey across the continental divide. The leaders were wont to scout ahead of the main party looking for signs of the Indians. On one such excursion Captain Lewis, finding himself separated from the expedition by darkness, cast about to make himself comfortable for the night. First he shot a duck and "having now secured my supper," he records with his usual good-nature, "I looked our for a suitable place to amuse myself in combating the musketoes for the ballance of the evening." So he was not as much alone as he would have chosen to be.

A few days later, on August 18, 1805, he celebrated his birthday. The occasion well illustrates his rather serious philosophy of life. All too rarely did those splendid fellows, conscientiously recording the day's events, reveal their inner selves:

"This day I completed my thirty first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about

half the period which I am to remain in this Sublunary world. I reflected that I had as yet done but little, very little indeed, to further happiness of the human race, or to advance the information of the succeeding generation. I viewed with regret the many hours I have spent in indolence, and now so arly feel the hours would have given me had they want of that information which those been judiciously expanded. but since they are past and cannot be recalled, I dash from me the gloomy thought, and resolved in future, to redouble my exertions and at least endeavour to promote those two primary objects of human existence, by giving them the aid of that portion of talents which nature and fortune have bestowed on me; or in future, to live FOR MANKIND, as I have heretofore lived FOR MYSELF."

As recounted many times, the expedition moved westward, realizing daily their imperative need for horses in order to cross the Rocky Mountains. With the two Captains working faithfully in concert and with considerable help from Sacagawea all of this was finally realized.

When they were bargaining for Indian ponies Captain Lewis personally saw that Sacagawea was provided with a mount, instead of leaving the matter to the improvident Charbonneau. A day or so later she repaid the Captain's kindness with a bit of timely information. Cameahwait, her brother, decided to start for the Missouri with his band after promising to assist the party over the mountains with their baggage. This would have left them stranded. Sacagawea told Charbonneau of her brother's plan and the interpreter repeated it to Captain Lewis. He immediately confronted the chief whom he adroitly shamed into abiding by his word.

Sacagawea apparently felt an undivided affection for Chiefs Red Hair (Clark) and Long Knife (Lewis), but she looked on them as persons quite superior to her humble self. They chival-

rously treated her with the same respect they would have shown a white woman. Once when Charbonneau struck her at dinner Lewis records that Captain Clark "gave him a severe reprimand."

Although restored to her relatives only a few days after a five years' separation, she insisted on going on with the expedition to the great salt water, despite Charbonneau's desire to remain with the Shoshones. She won the day and it was well she did for her presence aided the Captains to establish friendly relations with the strange tribes they met and prevented their being attacked. "A woman with a party of men is a token of peace," wrote Clark. In fact, the expedition might have failed, the leaders admitted, were it not for Sacagawea. Through her the party obtained horses from her people, the only means of transportation across the Rockies, and they were reduced to eating those same horses to avert death by starvation while crossing the Rockies. She helped keep them on the right course, thus saving valuable time. Both Captains were generous in according her credit.

On the Columbia river Captain Lewis tried to trade a blanket, a coat, and various other things to an Indian for a robe made of two sea-otter skins. He refused everything until a belt of blue beads worn by Sacagawea caught his fancy. The Indian girl immediately parted with her treasure and was compensated with a "coat of Blue Cloth." On another occasion when Captain Clark was ill she gave him bread which she had been hoarding for her papoose. Although it was wet and sour, Clark ate it "with great satisfaction, it being the only mouthfull I had tasted for Several months past." In such ways did Sacagawea show her attachment to the white chiefs.

The expedition reached the Pacific Ocean on November 14, 1805, and the commanders took a vote among the party to determine their choice of a location for winter quarters. Apparently the

democratic leaders also had modern ideas, as Sacagawea was allowed to vote. She is recorded as being in "favour of a place where there is plenty of Potas."

In seven cabins surrounded by a wooden stockade, which constituted drab Fort Clatsop, the expedition celebrated a rainy, dreary Christmas Day. The leaders exchanged presents of clothing, and the men were remembered with handkerchiefs and extra measures of tobacco. Sacagawea, in the spirit of the occasion, presented Captain Clark with two dozen weasel skins. His depression on the holiday is very simply passed over: "we would have Spent this day the nativity of Christ in feasting, had we any thing either to raise our Sperits or even gratify our appetites, our Diner consisted of pore Elk, so much Spoiled that we eate it through meare necessity, Some Spoiled pounded fish and a few roots."

Nor was New Year's Day of 1806 an occasion for jubilant celebration either. Their hardships and isolation were brought home with a particular keenness, especially to the sensitive Lewis, who indicated loneliness.

"Our repast of this day though better than that of Christmas, consisted principally in the anticipation of the 1st day of January 1807, when in the bosom of our friends we hope to participate in the mirth and hilarity of the day, and when with the zest given by the recollection of the present, we shall completely, both mentally and corporally, enjoy the repast which the hand of civilization has prepared for us."

Leaving Fort Clatsop March 23, 1806, the explorers started up the Columbia on their return journey. When they reached the Bitter Root valley in July, the party divided, with Captain Lewis with nine men going directly to the Great Falls of the Missouri, Captain Clark and the rest continuing eastward by way of the Yellowstone.

Captain Clark depended much on Sacagawea for guidance. In the Big Hole basin he lost his bearings, but the Indian

girl unhesitatingly pointed out a gap in the mountains, a short cut, which led him directly to the canoes cached on the Jefferson. From Three Forks the party started to cross overland to the Yellowstone. On the Gallatin, Clark was again undecided how to get through the mountains. Sacagawea pointed out the easiest pass. Regarding his trust in her guidance Clark records:

"The Indian woman who has been of great service to me as a pilot through this country recommends a gap in the mountain more south which I shall cross." It is now used by the Northern Pacific railway and is miscalled the Bozeman Pass.

Most of the adventures on the trip seemed to be reserved for Captain Lewis, and strangely enough the majority of his exciting experiences occurred in the vicinity of the Great Falls of the Missouri.

Near there occurred the fatal clash with the Blackfeet—which provoked an enmity that had a profound effect on the history of the region for the next 70 years. In this bitter episode, too, they lost most of their horses, although providently the savages left twelve of their own to avert real disaster.

Rounding up the horses that the Indians had missed—better mounts than their own they soon discovered—they broke camp in haste, taking with them the spoils of the fight, and traveled briskly southward before the Blackfeet could bring up reinforcements. With forced riding they reached the Missouri in two days and a night. Trotting up on a bluff they were just in time to see the canoes of Gass and Ordway floating downstream, the two sergeants having been detached at the falls to bring on the boats and rejoin Captain Lewis's party. Abandoning their horses the explorers stowed their baggage in the canoes and made all speed to put more distance between themselves and the Blackfeet.

At the mouth of the Yellowstone, cheering news awaited them, for they found a note left by Captain Clark. They

hurried on to overtake him, but below the White Earth river they delayed to hunt as Captain Lewis had seen a herd of elk on a sandbar thickly overgrown with shrub willows.

Here occurred one of the really unnecessary incidents of the entire voyage, when Cruzatte foolishly mistook the Captain for an elk and wounded him.

Sergeant Gass helped Lewis dress his wounds and made a bed for him in the bottom of one of the boats. After making him as comfortable as possible they embarked. Lewis soon developed a high fever and suffered continual pain in his thigh. Luckily the next day at noon they reached Captain Clark, his party having stopped to make repairs on their canoes. When Clark reached the beach he found his friend being carried ashore. Alarmed, he asked what had happened, and was informed of the accident.

"It's only a slight wound; 'tis nothing," and Captain Lewis smiled wanly in reassurance. Clark confesses that "this information relieved me very much," and immediately appointed himself Lewis's doctor and nurse.

The sententious, practical Clark was not given to expressing his feelings usually, but he could not help showing his genuine anxiety over his friend's condition. His entries in the Journals disclose his relief over Lewis's gradual recovery. "Cap. Lewis's wounds are healing very fast, I am much in hope of his being able to walk in 8 or 10 days." And again, "I am happy to have it in my power to say that my worthy friend Cap. Lewis is recovering fast, he walked a little today for the first time." He then continues to make a daily entry of his friend's convalescence. At the Mandan villages Captain Lewis was able to hobble about with the aid of a cane.

Captain Clark, during the journey, had developed deep affection for Sacagawea's papoose. On taking leave of Charbonneau and the Bird Woman he offered to take the "butifull promising child" and "raise" it. However, the baby was not

yet weaned. Three days later he wrote a letter to Charbonneau and again referred to the child. He also makes note of Sacagawea's value to the expedition, regretting that "your woman who accompanied you that long dangerous and fatiguing rout to the Pacific Ocean and back deserved a greater reward for her attention and services on that rout than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans. As to your little Son (my boy Pomp) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take and raise him as my own child." He then offers to further the material welfare of Charbonneau, as far as it is in his power to do so and gives him advice regarding conditions in the fur market. Eventually Captain Clark became the guardian of little Baptiste Charbonneau upon his mother's death.

The expedition floated down the Missouri to St. Louis, arriving September 23, 1806, having been gone two years, four months and nine days. A cool communication to the *Baltimore Federal Gazette* for that day says: "When they arrived three cheers were fired. They really have the appearance of Robinson Crusoes—dressed entirely in buckskins." All the inhabitants of the bustling river town turned out to greet the bearded, gaunt explorers. Few realized the epic scope and value of their remarkable journey. The captains were taken to the house of Pierre Chouteau where they were entertained at a banquet and then spent several restful, pleasant days.

But the conscientious leaders wasted no time in public receptions. They discharged their crew promptly. On the very day of arrival, Captain Lewis immediately wrote to President Jefferson. His letter discloses his sharp impatience to return home. He was not thinking of fame or honors—only:

"The anxiety which I feel to return once more the bosom of my friends is a sufficient guarantee that no time will be expended unnecessarily in this quarter . . . I am very anxious to learn the state of my friends in Albemarle particu-

Nothing is known of the artist, J. A. Martand, or of the whereabouts of this rare painting of the expedition at the falls of the Missouri.

lar(1)y whether my mother is yet living."

With his characteristic generous regard for others he commends his friend and comrade in the same letter:

"With respect to the exertions and services rendered by this estimable man Capt W. Clark on this expedition I cannot say too much, if sir, any credit be due to the success of the arduous enterprise in which we have been engaged he is equally with myself entitled to the consideration of yourself and that of our common country."

No person in the United States, not even his mother, felt more anxiety for Captain Lewis's return than the President himself. His letter to the former, dated "Washington, Oct. 20, 06," frankly reveals his state of mind:

"I received my dear Sir, with unspeakable joy your letter of Sept 23 announcing the safe return of yourself and party . . . the length of time not hearing of you had beugn to be felt awfully . . . It's [the letter's] only object is to assure you of what you already know, my constant affection for you. . . .

I salute you with sincere affection.

Th. Jefferson."

Besides unbounded respect for his secretary, President Jefferson also entertained a warm personal regard for him. This is shown in his letters to Lewis while on the journey, in which he wrote the Captain news of his home and friends and discussed the public business between them. He usually closed with some such salutations as "accept assurances of my constant & sincere affection," or "present my friendly salutations to mr. Clarke & accept them affectionately yourself."

Within several days of their arrival in St. Louis the captains and Big White, a Mandan chief and his family, journeyed on horseback to Washington, the leaders pausing to visit their homes in Kentucky and Virginia. By February of 1807 Captain Lewis was in Washington, and after a conference with the President he went on to Philadelphia to arrange for the



The Discovery of the Great Falls.

mounting of the zoological and botanical specimens collected on the trip. While there he sat for his portrait by Peale.

After the expedition, when the nation started to realize its magnitude and paid them homage, Captain Lewis steadfastly maintained his loyalty to Captain Clark, insisting that he share reward for reward. The War Department determinedly recognized only Lewis as the official leader. Not only did the department fail to give Clark equal rank with his friend but it granted him one-third less the amount of land given Lewis. The latter immediately wrote Secretary of War Dearborn: "there should be no distinction of rank so noticed as to make a difference in the quantity (of lands) granted to each; . . . he would prefer an equal division. . . ." His wishes were finally respected.

What of the ultimate results of this, the most important exploring expedition ever supported by the United States Government? Through its successful consummation the United States gained an indisputable title to the land west from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean

—over half of our country and a domain immensely rich in natural resources. Because scientific knowledge of the vague Northwest was for the first time available, the tide of empire began to flow in that direction, slowly at first like the breaking of a dam and finally in a flood, vitally important to the future development of the United States.

Captain Lewis resigned his army commission March 2, 1807, as he had been appointed governor of Louisiana Territory two days before by President Jefferson. Clark resigned his lieutenant's commission on February 27, 1807. On March 12 he was appointed brigadier-general of militia and agent of Indian Affairs for the department of Louisiana.

Governor Lewis was commissioned on March 3, but he did not reach St. Louis until July. Upon his arrival he found civil affairs in a distraught condition and immediately plunged his energy and diplomacy into straightening out matters. Among his gubernatorial acts, Lewis established the Territory of Arkansas and Fort Madison, the first military post founded by the United States west of the Mississippi.

He enjoyed the fruits of success scarcely more than two years, when his health commenced to decline. "Governor Lewis," Jefferson writes in his Memoir, "had from early life been subject to hypochondriac affections. It was a constitutional disposition in all the nearer branches of the family of his name, and was more immediately inherited by him from his father."

His activity on his western trip had kept these melancholic tendencies in abeyance. But they appear to have returned to him with doubled force once he was settled in a sedentary life. By the summer of 1809 his indisposition was alarming his friends. Doubtless this constitutional affliction was aggravated by an unfortunate misunderstanding. Some of his bills, contracted in the expenditures of his office, were protested by the Treasury Department at Washington.

Lewis, being of a sensitive nature, was deeply hurt at what he apparently considered a stain on his honor. Desiring an investigation of the matter he started for Washington on horseback, taking with him, besides the protested drafts, his journals and papers of the expedition.

Before leaving St. Louis, however, Lewis had, on August 19, 1809, appointed three intimate friends, William Clark, Alexander Stuart, and William Carr as his lawful attorneys with full authority to dispose of his estate. In this fact perhaps is the hint that Lewis had a presentiment of his imminent death. It lends some circumstantial evidence, too, to the theory of suicide.

The melancholy Captain proceeded to the Chickasaw Bluffs where Memphis, Tennessee, is now located, arriving on the sixteenth of September. From there he intended to complete his journey by water. But rumors of a war with England and the fear that he might lose his papers should the ship be attacked and sunk, resolved him to continue overland. Lewis remained several days at the Bluffs. The Indian Agent, Major Neely, finding the Governor quite ill, decided to accompany him along the Natchez Trace, a lonely road through the mountains of Tennessee. During the journey two of the party's horses strayed—one of those insignificant mishaps that, like the loss of the horseshoe nail in the adage, caused a chain of circumstances which resulted in a calamity. Neely and the two servants stopped to search for the animals, but Governor Lewis, ill, and impatient at the delay, went on alone, saying he would wait at the first white settler's cabin.

Lewis rode along the trail through a dark forest. At sunset he reached Grinder's Tavern, a low, rambling log house used as an inn by travellers on the Trace, and asked Mrs. Grinder if he might stay for the night. On learning that she was alone, he unsaddled his horse and carried his baggage into the room he was to occupy. The Governor was wearing a loose blue and white

gown, Mrs. Grinder testified later, and though she did not know who her guest was, supposed him to be a gentleman of note. He requested a small quantity of wine, and when the servants arrived he asked his man for some gun powder.

According to Mrs. Grinder's story, Governor Lewis appeared much disturbed and paced before the door muttering to himself. At supper he ate little and afterwards smoked his pipe and talked to her in disconnected sentences among which he reiterated, "Madam, this is a fine evening." Rather than put her to the trouble of preparing a bed he told her he would roll up in bearskins and a buffalo robe on the floor.

The innkeeper's wife, frightened by her guest's queer actions, shut herself up in the kitchen. From there she heard Governor Lewis pacing the floor until far into the night. Then she heard two pistol shots, followed by a call for help from Lewis. Though she watched him stagger in the courtyard groping for some water, she was too much alarmed to go to his aid.

In the morning she sent her children and Lewis's and Neely's servants, who, strangely enough, seemed not to have heard anything, into the Governor's room to investigate. They found Meriwether Lewis lying on his robes, still alive, although there was a wound in his side and a "piece of his forehead" had been shot away. He begged them to take his rifle and blow out his brains, offering to give them all the money he had in his trunk. In his last lucid moments he repeated, "I am no coward; but I am so strong; so hard to die." He died at sunrise of October 11, 1809. Such is Mrs. Grinder's story as related to Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, in May of 1810.

Dr. Elliott Coues rejects her version of Lewis's death as "simply incredible." He builds up a case in favor of the murder theory, based on the woman's reputation and the weak points and discrepancies in her testimony. Grinder, him-

self, was later arrested for the murder of Governor Lewis but acquitted because of lack of evidence. Only twenty-five cents was found on Lewis's person, and Grinder was known to have acquired sudden wealth after the governor's death for he purchased a farm and became the owner of slaves.

Inhabitants of that section have always believed that Governor Lewis was murdered and robbed. Most of them never heard the suicide theory, until inquiring historians mentioned it to them years afterward. Even at this late date, people living on the Natchez Trace near the site of Grinder's tavern believe that "some chap was murdered up there." And to them still, more than a century later, "the place is ha'nted." Although President Jefferson gave credence to the suicide theory, Lewis's mother never believed it; for her son's last letter had been full of hope, and he had purchased a house and a piece of property for her in St. Louis.

In 1889, James D. Park, a lawyer of Franklin, Tennessee, did some investigating on his own account. He talked with an old lady who had been a close friend of a servant girl's at Grinder's. She told him that the girl, Polly Spencer, was washing dishes in the kitchen close by Lewis's bedroom when they heard a shot. All rushed into the Governor's room and found him dead in bed.

Olin D. Wheeler in "The Trail of Lewis and Clark" does not accept the theory of suicide, either. Possibly Lewis destroyed himself but it is much more probable that he was murdered, since he was less than two months past thirty-five and in the vigor of his manhood. Wheeler quotes several letters from the descendants of Lewis's near relatives, all of whom lean to the murder theory. The same statement made by historians holds true today: "The evidence on both sides, so far as we have it, is circumstantial, contradictory, and indeterminate."

The truth of how Governor Lewis received his death wounds may always be an unsolved mystery. The only undis-



This reproduction of a rare painting by Alfred Jacob Miller, done about a quarter-century after the expedition, expresses very well the friendly association existing between the men of Lewis and Clark and the Indians.

puted facts in the whole tragic affair are that he died in Grinder's tavern and was buried nearby on a wooded knoll, where a monument was erected to him in 1848 by the Tennessee legislature. His grave is in the exact center of Lewis County, created in 1843. Despite the cloud surrounding his death, Lewis's magnanimity of character and valiant service to the nation are unclouded.

Unlike the tragic fate of his friend, William Clark lived a long, useful, and active life. As an Indian agent he pursued his duties with characteristic vigor to become the beloved Red-Head Chief of all the Indians in the Territory of Louisiana. Through Clark's influence many important treaties were effected with the various tribes.

The rest of General Clark's full career is reflected in the list of important public offices he held. In November 16, 1810, he was appointed Inspector General of Militia. When the Territory of Missouri was carved from that of Louisiana, Clark received the appointment on July 1, 1813, as its first Governor. The opportunity presenting itself that year he remained true to his promise, made seven years before to Charbonneau, and placed little Baptiste in a Catholic school to have him educated for an interpreter.

Clark was re-commissioned Governor four times until 1820, when Missouri was admitted to statehood. In May, 1822, President Monroe appointed him Super-

intendent of Indian Affairs, a position he held until his death. Then, in October, two years later, another honor came to him when he was commissioned Surveyor-General of Illinois, Missouri, and the Territory of Arkansas.

William Clark was married on January 5, 1808, to Miss Julia Hancock at Fincastle, Virginia. He became the father of four sons and one daughter. The second son he named Meriwether Lewis, in memory of his friend. On June 27, 1820, his wife died at Fotheringay, Virginia. The following year he married Mrs. Harriet Kennerly Radford in St. Louis. Two sons were born of this marriage. His second wife died on Christmas Day, 1831, at St. Louis.

General Clark lived to an active old age, growing prosperous from his labors. He owned stock in the Missouri Fur Trading company and acquired much property in St. Louis. It was he who gave to the world the significant journals of the expedition, published in 1814 by Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia. At the age of 68, William Clark went peacefully to his last rest in St. Louis on September 1, 1838.

Throughout the centuries the names of the leaders of that immortal Expedition, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, are inseparably linked. Their names should stand always as a classic symbol of friendship between men.

[THE END]

Dear Sir

Washington, U.S. of America. July 6. 1803

In the journey which you are about to undertake for the discovery of the course and source of the Mississippi, and of the most convenient water communication from thence to the Pacific ocean, your party being small, it is to be expected that you will encounter considerable dangers from the Indian inhabitants. should you escape those dangers and reach the Pacific ocean, you may find it imprudent to hazard a return the same way, and be forced to seek a passage round by sea in such vessels as you may find on the Western coast. but you will be without money, without clothes, & other necessities; as a sufficient supply cannot be carried with you from hence. your resource in that case can only be in the credit of the U.S. for which purpose I hereby authorize you to draw on the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War & of the Navy of the U.S. according as you may find your draughts will be most negociable, for the purpose of obtaining money or necessities for yourself & your men: and I solemnly pledge the faith of the United States that these draughts shall be paid punctually at the date they are made payable. I also ask of the Consuls, agents, merchants & citizens of any nation with which we have intercourse or amity to furnish you with those supplies which your necessities may call for, assuring them of honorable and prompt retribution, and our own Consuls in foreign parts where you may happen to be, are hereby instructed & required to be aiding & assisting to you in whatsoever may be necessary for procuring your return back to the United States. And to give more entire satisfaction & confidence to those who may be disposed to aid you, I Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America, have written this letter of general credit ^{for you} with my own hand, and signed it with my name.

Th Jefferson

To
Capt Meriwether Lewis

THIS IS THE EXACT TEXT OF THE FACSIMILE ABOVE:

Dear Sir: Washington, U. S. of America, July 6, 1803.

In the journey which you are about to undertake for the discovery of the course and source of the Mississippi, and of the most convenient water communication from thence to the Pacific ocean, your party being small, it is to be expected that you will encounter considerable dangers from the Indian inhabitants, should you escape those dangers and reach the Pacific ocean, you may find it imprudent to hazard a return the same way, and be forced to seek a passage round by sea, in such vessels as you may find on the Western coast but you will be without money, without clothes, and other necessities; as a sufficient supply cannot be carried with you from hence, your resource in that case can only be in the credit of the U. S. for which purpose I hereby authorize you to draw on the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War and Navy of the U. S. according as you may find your draughts will

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To
Capt Meriwether Lewis

Th Jefferson



Sedulous Sergeant, Patrick Gass

An original biography by

direct descendents,

James S. and Kathryn Smith

E. S. Paxson, who painted the Montana frontier scene after the 1870's, was commissioned to do a group of mural studies in the ante-room of the State House of Representatives. This was his conception of Captain Lewis and Sgt. Gass on the North bluff of the Missouri River near Black Eagle Falls.

SERGEANT GASS hung his saw against the wall of the unfinished room at Fort Kaskaskia. His heavier tools, the broad hatchet and oak helved axe with which he had been hewing logs and splitting truncheons, he dropped into the corner. Winter was kicking up out on the plains and Captain Bissell was rushing the construction of better quarters for the men under his command. He needed carpenter "Pat."¹

But as Patrick turned into the lighted mess where others of the frontier guard had gathered, it was with a consuming hope that this would be his last day at the fort. An energetic young captain had come into camp that day in search of desirable recruits for President Jefferson's patriotic plan for exploration westward. Of the scope and significance of the excursion the Sergeant was not fully cognizant. Even the President, for political considerations related to the earlier claims to the territory by the Spanish and French and to its invasion by the British fur companies, was secretive as to its real purpose. To Patrick, however, it would be an exchange of routine life

at the fort for action and the honor of high service to his country which was pushing with amoeba-like arms farther and farther from its nucleus in New England. And who better fitted both by experience and nature than he to take a place as one of a band of "stout healthy unmarried young men, accustomed to the woods and able to bear bodily fatigue to a considerable degree?" "No gentlemen of our own class," Captain Clark had cautioned, "because they are unaccustomed to work."

True, thirty-two might be a bit old to fit the specifications. He could hardly designate himself as a "pup." But what of his physique? Fifty-six years later

He was the oldest regular member of the expedition, this barrel-chested, witty Irishman of 35; a pillar of strength to his Captains; invaluable as head carpenter and seasoned woodsman; he wore his stripes as well as any man-jack who has ever served this nation . . .

his contemporary biographer would describe him as "somewhat low in stature, stoutly built, broad-chested and heavily-limbed, but lean, sprightly and quick of motion."

The urge to adventure was in Patrick's blood. Had not his grandfather left the ancient family hearth on the River Bann in North Ireland as early as 1690 to cross the Atlantic and establish a fulling business in Philadelphia? Had not his own restless father after the birth of Patrick at Falling Springs, Pennsylvania, 1771, thrice moved his growing family by foot and horse through the maze of Allegheny forests to cut a new niche in the wilderness farther west? One of his brothers would be taken prisoner by the British in the War of 1812 and never heard from again. Another would go to the West Indies, marry and die in a skirmish with the Spanish. And Patrick? In his teens, though Indians still lurked, he rode the Allegheny traces to Hagarstown, Maryland, and back to Catfish Camp in Western Pennsylvania for family supplies of salt and iron. At twenty-one he was an Indian fighter in Captain Caton's Company of Rangers guarding the frontier. At twenty-two as flatboat man on the Ohio, he poled a load of lumber on down the Mississippi. Disposing of cargo and boat in New Orleans, he crossed to Cuba and took passage on a sailing vessel up the coast to Philadelphia. At twenty-eight when war with France seemed imminent he enlisted under General Alexander Hamilton. Mustered out the following year, he promptly reenlisted for border duty with rank of sergeant. For over two years he had apprenticed to a carpenter and he had helped to build a house for James Buchanan, father of "little Jimmie."

Adventure, new country, danger to be met with steady nerve under the leader-

ship of a man like Captain Lewis! Pat did not consider himself a dare-devil; but he was eager, fit, and unafraid of the exigencies of life. Bissell had let Ordway go, why not he? He would see the young Captain himself, privately. He did and the Sergeant, described as "spunky," soon joined the Expedition's corps at Wood River. There, while the two captains made general preparations, sturdy timbers cracked and moaned under the impact of collective saw and axe. There were two other carpenters in the group.

Patrick, one of the forty-three tough-fibered, firmly disciplined men, must have felt a personal pride and elation that Sunday of mid-spring, 1803, when the twenty-two-oared keelboat and two pirogues shoved into the broad stream of the Missouri. All who could had been directed to keep journals. Fortunately for history, Sergeant Gass, with but nineteen days of schooling to his credit, was one of the few who kept a consistent record.

Gass's JOURNAL OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS is a brief daily inventory of events confined to the progress of the Expedition, with little of romance or sentiment. Whatever emotions the Sergeant may have had, and it is not to be assumed that he had none, never ran

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Smith are residents of Pasadena, California. James S. is the son of Annie Jane Gass, daughter of Patrick, born in 1841, who married James Simeon Smith. Aside from personal knowledge gained from family recollections of the Grandfather, the co-author and his wife Kathryn, relied on three principal published works: The 1812 edition of Gass' own journal; *Life and Times of Patrick Gass* by J. G. Jacob, 1859; and *A Short History of the Gass Family* by James R. Gass, (a nephew of Patrick), 1877. Aside from its significance in this issue, the objectivity of this intimate family biographical sketch, is remarkable. All of the obvious superlatives praising Patrick Gass are the products of our own editing. Excerpts of two quotations from Captain Clark's Journals are the result of the skillful editing of Bernard DeVoto in his excellent *Journals of Lewis and Clark*. (Houghton Mifflin, 1953.)



James S. Smith, grandson of the sedulous sergeant, and co-author of this article, at 73. He appears as robust as his famous descendent at the same age.

off the point of his pen. The year after his return the author, under the encouragement of friends, obtained consent to publish and submitted his notes to good Schoolmaster McKeehan to be made presentable for printing. To a public avid and impatient for news of the strange and marvelous encounters of the Expedition, it was for seven years the only published record. The book ran into several editions, was republished in London and translated into French and German. For all of this considerable contribution to general knowledge, Patrick received one-hundred copies of the first edition—along with the copyright, which was promptly pirated!

The reader of the Gass Journal cannot escape the conviction of one of the early reviewers (*Eclectic Review*, 1812) that "his narrative has throughout the strongest marks of being a plain honest account of matters of fact." All of the meat is there but under the schoolmaster's conscientious treatment the flavor and juices of Patrick's highly individualized speech ran through the pedagogic sieve. To the Irish frontiersman a petrified fish of interest to the Expedition was "a ruck of bones," while "an old bawd and her punks" appeared at Fort Clatsop and a young swain courting was "a-heiferin' around." "Speech more suited to the camp than the parlor," remarks J. K. Hosmer. But of such is the structure of today's realism. Though his diary could not have approached Captain Lewis's informative, always entertaining and

sometimes gay style; and must have exceeded that of Captain Clark for uniqueness of spelling and punctuation, more of Patrick Gass than his worn and original notes has been lost to us.

Was the Sergeant's self-effacement inherent or the result of his military training? Perhaps both. He wrote of himself only as a subordinate. A line drawn between the first and last points of his diary will reveal no oversized "I." On the death of Sergeant Floyd, with its sobering effect on the entire party, he modestly omitted to mention that the men elected him to take the popular Floyd's place. Courage and devotion to the success of the magnificent adventure and its leaders, he shares with others of the company; uncomplaining optimism, endurance and faithful methodical application to the assigned task—as witness the completion of the *Journal* itself—characterize the man who was Patrick Gass. He wrote in defense of his brevity. At Fort Mandan, two days before the time-conscious commanders and their impatient men would again engage the inhospitable wilderness in search of the fabled waterway to the Pacific, the recorder penned: "Though we could furnish a sufficient number of entertaining stories and pleasant anecdotes, we do not think it prudent to swell our *Journal* with them; as our views are directed to more useful information. Besides we are yet ignorant of the dangers which await us, and the difficulty of escape, should certain probable incidents occur, it may not be inconsistent with good policy to keep the *Journal* of as small and portable size as circumstances will make practicable."

Although he hunted on occasion, Patrick's duties were of the camp and about the boats—mess sergeant for an eight-man group, head of one crew of boatmen, carpenter and repair man. With others he foraged islands and river bottoms for

Patrick Gass, venerable sergeant of the expedition was about 90, in the opinion of his grandson, James S. Smith, at the time this rare photograph was taken. All photographs furnished through courtesy of the authors.

The following is an extract of a certificate delivered by Captain Lewis to Patrick Gass, dated, St. Louis, Oct. 10, 1806:

"As a tribute justly due to the merits of the said Patrick Gass, I with cheerfulness declare that the ample support which he gave me under every difficulty, the manly firmness which he evinced on every occasion, and the fortitude with which he bore the fatigues and sufferings incident to that long voyage, entitles him to my highest confidence and sincere thanks, while it eminently recommends him to the consideration and respect of his fellow citizens."

From GASS'S JOURNAL, 1812, 4th edition, Philadelphia.



timber—logs of cottonwood for construction of Fort Mandan and for sections to be dug out for canoes, cherry for axe helvies, bark for Captain Lewis's cherished but impractical boat, wood to replace lost and broken oars and to make charcoal for blacksmith Bratton's furnace. He helped pack the "boxes full of skins, buffalo robes, and horns of the Mountain ram, of a very great size for the President." He wrestled with improvised "waggons" that trundled on clumsy disks of cottonwood, with willow axles that sagged and broke over long portages. When some vampire among the clouds of ravenous mosquitoes inoculated him with the "shaking ague" (malaria), he noted that he was unable to steer his boat. When an injured back, the result of falling backward over the gunwale, incapacitated him for boat work he walked across country with Captain Lewis to meet the boats higher on the river. Except for these incidents his rugged constitution sustained him throughout.

After hardships and through a majesty of scenery rarely equaled, the Expedition came to the broad mouth of the Columbia. It is the hour of triumph, and as Captain Clark related:

"There is much joy in camp." While our journalist must have shared in the general rejoicing he quietly records his satisfaction with: "We are now at the end of our voyage, which has been com-

pletely accomplished according to the intention of the expedition, the object of which was to discover a passage by way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers to the Pacific Ocean; notwithstanding the difficulties, privations and dangers, which we had to encounter, endure, and surmount." More pertinent to the circumstances, the carpenter's concern for sheltering the rain-soaked, storm-buffed troop next occupies his thought.

On the return up the Columbia in April, 1806, the young veterans, by ones and twos as the commanders could secure pack horses, abandoned the water. While the string of sore-footed men with the horses moved slowly along the banks, Patrick and three companions handled the two remaining canoes—"with some difficulty passing the narrow rapids." They carried their baggage and boats around the "Great Falls" (Celilo), and at dark ran their canoes under willows to sleep without making a fire "for fear of the savages" who might come with pilfering intent—until at last horses could be had for all.

When the two leaders divided the company for separate routes of exploration, Sergeant Gass accompanied Captain Lewis—with whom he seems more often to have been associated—to the Great Falls of the Missouri. While the captain looped north from there into the Maria's River country he left the sergeant in con-

trol of camp with instructions to unearth the old cache, maneuver the canoes and remaining men around the portage and drop down to meet him at the mouth of the Maria's. Within the limits of the detour made by Captain Lewis at that time, government maps indicate a tributary of the Maria's named for Patrick Gass. More appropriate to the memory of the rugged patriot is Mount Patrick Gass (El. 8625) which maps of the Forestry Department locate as neighboring the Continental Divide in the Lewis and Clark National Forest.

Two weeks and many miles farther down the Missouri from the rendezvous at the confluence of the Maria's there occurred the accidental shooting of Captain Lewis by a phantom Indian who materialized in the person of the versatile and trusted Cruzatte; Cruzatte, the fiddler who on many an evening in camp had set tired feet dancing in what at times must have been an hilarious extravaganza of early American dances. Patrick, in the general alarm, helped solve the attendant mystery and assisted the Captain, wounded in the hips, to remove his clothes and dress his wounds. "We found the ball, which was lodged in his overalls." On the following day when their party overtook Captain Clark and his scouts the Sergeant expressed the general sentiment in a surge of gratitude: "And now (thanks to God) we are all together again in good health, except Captain Lewis, whose wounds are not dangerous."¹

Each successive day, reaching for the home port of St. Louis, the oarsmen wielded a faster paddle. On the 18th of September, 1806, the Gass Journal reveals: "We continued our voyage all day without waiting to hunt; gathering some pawpaws on the shores;" on the 19th, "saw several fine turkeys on the shores, but did not delay a moment to hunt;" and on the 23d, "Were received with marks of great kindness and friendship by the inhabitants." Quoting Captain Clark, "We were met by all the village."

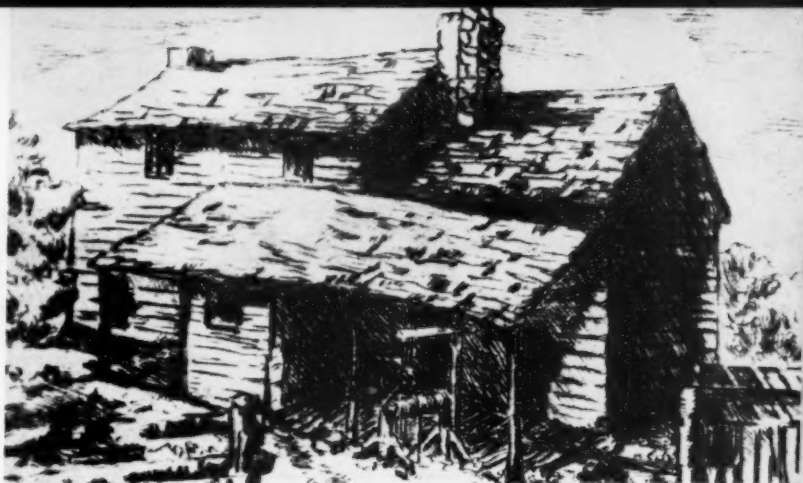
Yet as the jubilant singing crews ran their boats down to port it was against a strong commercial trade wind that was setting all sails westward. Several of their own number (Coulter, particularly) had stayed or would return upstream in search of fortune. Freshly equipped traders in pirogues and keelboats had passed on their way up to trade with the Indians. Infectious excitement stirred the medley of tradesmen, merchants, trappers, plantation owners, politicians and vagabonds of fortune which cheered the returning Marco Polos as they edged their boats to a landing. It was a curious, admiring, crowd; but highly tinged with self-interest. What do you know, you ferreters of ways, of rivers and trails? What is on the other side? How many portages? Can I get over with canoes? How far with the batteau? The Indians? The Seasons? — questions on the rising wind!

But in the fanning drafts, Patrick Gass, experienced soldier, adventurer, explorer, stalwart and Indian-wise, did not ignite. The Gasses had been adventurers but with purpose. The grandfather from the River Bann had a vocation which the new world could use and profit him well. The father, advancing before the frontier, sought for his Irish wife and their brood better livelihood and security from the thunders of revolution. A third brother, leaving Virginia and traveling by wagon, ferried his family and swam his cattle and hogs across the Ohio to settle in the fertile lands of the Northwest Territory. With the willingness to gamble there ran a balancing strain of domesticity. For Patrick, after that long, grueling, purposeful march with his two intelligent, strong-willed captains, what further free-lance venture in the West could compare or attract?

The Sergeant was thirty-five when he returned to Wellsburg after the gala reception for the expeditionary personnel at Louisville. In Washington he received

¹ For more detail see "Elk Hunter's Dilemma" by Robert McCaig, *Montana Magazine of History*, Vol. 3, No. 4, Autumn, 1953.

This reproduction of an old dry point etching, loaned by the authors, is of the house at Plummer's Mills where Patrick Gass and Maria Hamilton were married



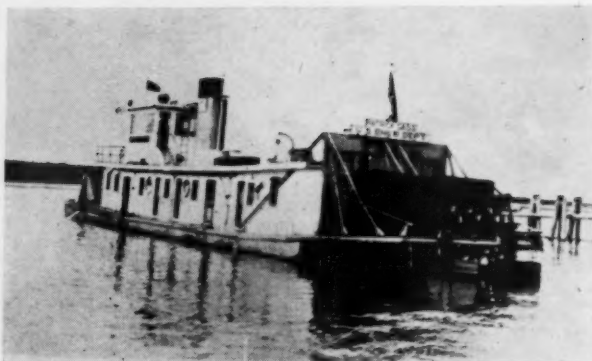
a sum in gold for his services under Lewis and Clark and may have had an insignificant amount from the sale of his government land allotment to Ordway or other real estate minded companion. In his saddlebags he carried a certificate of appreciation from Captain Lewis dated October 10, 1806, and his own record of the two-and-a-fourth year government-sponsored exploration, which he hoped would find favor with the printers. At home he met hearty welcome, was hailed on the street, met with consideration and respect—heart-warming tonic! And the tales Pat Gass could tell! Indians; strange birds and animals; sinking boats; tides that swept into his camp and marooned him on narrow beaches; forests of cactus; snow pinnacles that combed the sky; of eating horse flesh, dog meat, Indian bread and nothing; of the making of salt, the injury to Captain Lewis—tales taller than fiction and twice as wide. The story of their printing has now been told many times.

* * *

Soon, idleness palled. So the bachelor-soldier went back to Fort Kaskaskia to serve for several years in the commissary department. He reached the age of forty, time, if ever, for a man to settle down! Had he ever known romance? There is no tangible clue. His activities had been with men, on the borders, in lonely military outposts, away from centers of civilization. No sweetheart had waited for him, as for Captain Clark, while he traveled those laborious miles to and from

the Pacific. He was conscious that mid-life was upon him without its normal realizations, promise of security; and without a companion with whom to share them. In this state of mind Patrick entered the lead trade, a thriving business in his vicinity. Had he found the way to mend his position?

The date at the head of the calendar read "1812." President Madison and the Congress had agreed on war with Great Britain for "trampling on rights which no independent nation can relinquish." The call for 100,000 volunteers boomed out. Could Patrick in his new roll of business man resist it? It is to be doubted. Since he had given his best years to his country, no stigma could have attached if he had, but for him there was no alternative. A business trip took the trader to Nashville, Tennessee. There, too, war was stirring. The Indians were rising and Patrick Gass was drafted to fight the Creeks under General Andrew Jackson. But the veteran of the Lewis and Clark Expedition had seen too much of his captains' diplomatic and conciliatory approach. He recalled, too well, his friends and benefactors among the Indians to have a willingness to shoot them. No, not Indians! If he were to fight again, give him the sound of the big guns, a worthy cause, a challenging enemy! Informed that if he would join the regular army for five years he might receive a bonus of \$100 and be transferred to the northern theater, he made the choice—the end of his trade in lead.



This boat, the "Patrick Gass" and a sister ship, "John Ordway" were constructed by the U. S. Corps of Engineers in 1935 in a project to make the Missouri River channel more navigable. They plied regularly between Fort Peck, Montana and Gasconade, Missouri, during construction of Fort Peck Dam.

So there he was, a soldier again; back on the Illinois River building a fort. A splinter from a falling tree pierced an eye and the sight was gone.² Orders came to build a fleet of boats for transport of arms and men to the upper Ohio. That stream was at flood. But by towing, pole-setting, and pulling of overhanging branches, the troops worked the boats up to Pittsburgh. For Patrick, time had turned back twenty-one years. Months later, on the battle front at Lundy's Lane, there was a five hour engagement. The Sergeant "felt damned bashful" as he charged against the British but recovered his poise. Two weeks later at Fort Erie, after a sortie had driven the British from position, he executed an order to move forward and spike their "twenty-pounders."

The war over, Patrick once more mustered out. But the violent interruption of his pre-war trade had left him irresolute. There followed years of drifting and instability—working in his father's fulling mill, odd jobs here and there. He found himself disillusioned and held captive by habits acquired in long familiarity with military posts. However, when fifty-eight years old, he took board with a certain "Judge" Hamilton near Wellsburg. The pseudo judge had a daughter, a healthy, wholesome girl of eighteen. Maria must also have been industrious and thrifty to manage so well for herself and her elderly father who sat much in the sun. Was there an ailing picket fence protecting a cherished vegetable garden

from a flock of grubbing chickens, a cow in a small pasture and an orchard of apple and peach trees on a slope? These may have aided in her other source of sustenance, her one boarder.

Maria must have had concern for her boarder's comfort and for providing him with appetizing dishes. Perhaps there was a sunny room and an old fashioned rocker. Board and room included laundry and she may have looked to the mending. For the man who had never known a quiet life, this was home. Patrick Gass, well behind time but yet not too late, had found a good woman. Appearing younger than his years, he was still sturdy, light of foot and virile. Maria and her father must have passed long winter evenings by the fire listening, impressed, as the traveled guest spun out his yarns. He gave more attention to his grooming and went less often to the town. After two years of such

² There is some disagreement among historians on this incident. Yet James S. Smith, in a letter to this magazine, May 25, 1955, says: "It would have seemed more heroic for the Sergeant to have lost the sight of his eye in the Battle of Lundy's Lane. But, some accounts to the contrary, we believe that Jacob, [J. G., *Life and Times of Patrick Gass*] who lived in the neighborhood with, and got his facts directly from Grandfather, is more to be relied on. The sketch in the *National Biographical Dictionary* is in error on two or three points and is probably responsible for some of the misconceptions. Had the injury occurred at Lundy's Lane, the Sergeant would hardly have been able to spike cannons at the Battle of Fort Erie, two weeks later. Jacob says that the splinter came from a falling tree while he was building a fort on the Illinois River in the early stages of the war; that medical care was inadequate and that Grandfather nursed his wound through the winter."



Annie Jane Gass Smith, daughter of the venerable Patrick and mother of the author. Her age, or the place where this photo was taken, are not known.



Rachel Gass Brierly, now Mrs. A. M. Painter, is a granddaughter of Sgt. Gass.

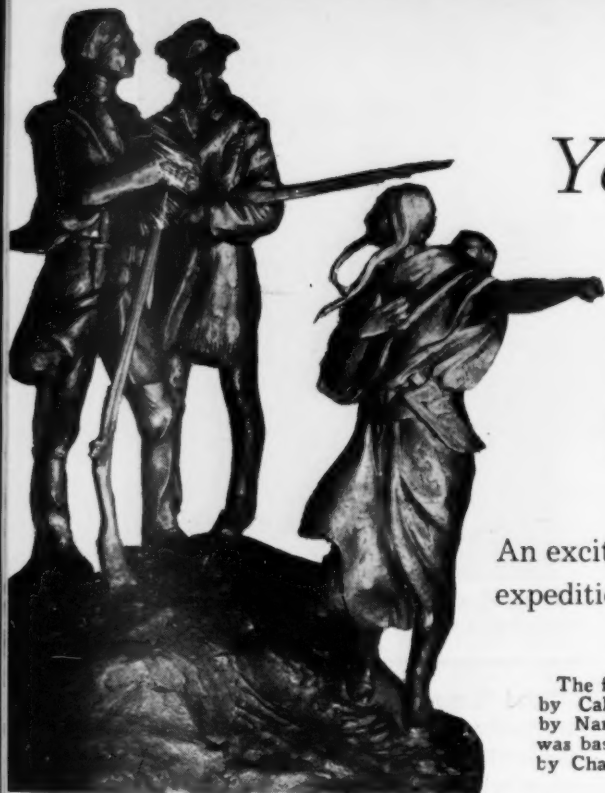
association the two became certain of their desires. When Patrick was sixty and Maria twenty they married.

Patrick Gass, carpenter, saved enough to buy a small tract of land near Wellsburg and built a log house for himself and young wife. During the next fifteen years six children — one had died in infancy—emerged from its doorway to play about the yard. But the old man was destined to outlive his young wife by many years. Measles ran through the family and Maria, the last victim, worn with nursing the young ones, succumbed. That disaster to the family left Patrick at seventy-five with baby Rachel, the youngest of his six children, still in arms. With typical devotion he stayed on in the log cabin for several years until the older children had become self-reliant. The younger girls lived with neighbors until they, too, reached maturity and married. When Annie Jane, born 1841, married James Simeon Smith of the same neighborhood, Patrick left the old house and went to live with Annie and her husband. At about the same time he was elected a delegate to Washington in the interest of higher pensions for old soldiers, a happy experience because of the attention he received and the remarkable progress he observed there.

That happened when Patrick was eighty-four. At ninety he was still hale. The old soldier prided himself on the vigor with which he daily stepped off the four or five miles to Wellsburg and back. At a later date he made the confession of Christian faith and one Sunday afternoon friends and neighbors gathered on the bank of the Ohio to share with the venerable man of the rivers the occasion of his immersion.

Patrick Gass had long been the last surviving man of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. One more and his years would have turned with the most colorful and formative century of his nation's history, 1771-1871; from the Battle of Lexington to the reconstruction after the Civil War; from Washington, who was twenty-one when the little Irish colonist gasped his first breath, through the assassination of Lincoln to the election of Grant. But on April 30, 1870, the tale of his years having been told, he died, leaving a pyramiding host of descendants who do him reverence. Patrick Gass was not only a stalwart in one of the greatest of American adventures, but he stands well among the stalwart breed of men who helped develop the United States of America.

[THE END]



Yellowstone Adventure

By JESSIE L. DUBOC

An exciting, little-known phase of the great expedition is recreated, 150 years later . . .

The famous bronze of Lewis, Clark and Sacajawea by California sculptor Henry Lion, commissioned by Nancy Russell after the death of her husband, was based on a work sketch for an heroic monument by Charles M. Russell.

SEVERAL HUNDRED miles down the rapid and unfamiliar Yellowstone River in a tub! This was the unique experience of four men of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in the summer of 1806 on their return journey from the far Pacific. Without doubt this was the longest early voyage made by whites in the type of frail craft known to the western frontier as an Indian squaw bullboat.¹ These men, Pryor, Shannon, Windsor and Hall, did not want, or initially plan, this mode of travel; but once they were in deep trouble this seemed their only recourse. It may well have saved their lives and probably it averted a serious crisis for the now-famed expedition!

The small, tub-like bullboat with its willow framework, was seldom, if ever, seen on the Yellowstone at that time. The roving Crow Indians, through whose land the Yellowstone flowed, had no use for the bullboat. For this tribe the river was not a highway. Their long journeys were usually taken on horseback and they were skilled riders. When the crossing of a major stream became necessary, they quickly made temporary rafts, towed either by horses or by swimmers, with the tow rope often held by the teeth of the swimmers. These rafts, of

two types, were discarded after the crossing: a raft of logs over which was tied a buffalo hide, or one or more hides without frame drawn up in the shape of a ball by a gathering-string.²

Captain Clark's party, having separated from Captain Lewis (who was to explore the Marias before returning along the Missouri to a rendezvous in present North Dakota), reached the Yellowstone River near the site of Livingston, on July 15, 1806. Several days were spent by Captain Clark's men in searching for trees large enough to build strong,



Looking down on the Yellowstone River from the top of Pompey's Pillar.

good-sized canoes. But not one such tree could be located. Clark then considered the desirability of descending the river in squaw bullboats, such as had been seen in large numbers on the Missouri River, while the Expedition was at Fort Mandan in the winter of 1804-1805. A fleet of fifty "tubs," or even a hundred, had not been an uncommon sight on the Missouri.³

There was general agreement, however, that these "tubs" were best adapted to shallow streams and for short trips.⁴ The Yellowstone was found too "bold, rapid, and deep," and the distance to its mouth was calculated by Clark to be nearly 800 miles.⁵ The "tub" was difficult to manage and white men did not undertake long voyages in it. The Clark party concluded they did not dare trust themselves and their precious cargo to such "ticklish" boats. Two sturdy craft were then built of such trees as were available. Lashed together, these trees constituted a double "canoe" which the men considered sufficiently seaworthy for their purpose. The "canoes" were completed on July 23rd, each one being

28 feet long, 16 to 24 inches wide, but only some 18 inches deep.

Fifty horses had been assigned to Clark for the eastward journey. On July 21st, twenty-four of them, apparently stolen by Indians, disappeared. Despite diligent

³ A roundish or oval water craft is not unique, either to the North American Indian or Mongoloid race. Many countries have had one form or another and in certain lands they are still in use. The bullboat resembles the coracles of the ancient Britons of 2,000 years ago; also, those used today by fishermen in certain European countries (South Wales); the yak-hide covered tub on the streams of Tibet; the basket ferries on the Hun River of China; and the better-constructed and larger koofahs, or commercial boats, of the Biblical land of Mesopotamia on the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. It is probable that the Biblical "ark of bulrushes" in which the baby Moses was hidden by his mother, was also a similar type of basket, but wove of twigs of papyrus instead of willows. (Isaiah 18:1-2: "Swift messengers in their 'vessels of bulrushes'"). The American Indian bullboat seems to have been the crudest of all these types.

⁴ Lowie, Robert H. *THE MATERIAL CULTURE OF THE CROW INDIANS*. Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, v. 21, pt. 3, 1922. P. 219: "There is no evidence that the Crow used any form of boat, such as the bull-boat of the Upper Missouri tribes." On p. 219 is a brief, but excellent, description of these two temporary rafts. In a letter from A. Wemore, U. S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, dated March 28, 1938, a similar statement was made.

⁵ From the so-called "Culbertson Manuscript," now considered the work of Edwin Thompson Denig, early fur trader at Fort Union. See editorial note, page one, "Literate Fur Trader, Edwin Thompson Denig" by John C. Ewers, *MONTANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY*, v. 4, no. 2.

⁶ Bakeless, John. *LEWIS AND CLARK*. Published by William Morrow in 1947. See p. 348.

Thwaites, R. G. *ORIGINAL JOURNAL OF LEWIS AND CLARK*, v. 5, p. 267.

⁷ *Ibid.*, v. 5, p. 319.

Miss Duboc has appeared before in these columns. Her penchant is for researching vague phases of Western frontier history—of which this is a significant example. After teaching in Indiana, following a Master's Degree in Education from The University of Chicago, Miss Duboc came to Montana in 1923. She worked for some time as a State Supervisor in the Department of Public Instruction, and taught in the public schools. Her interests now are almost entirely in research.



Named in honor of the son of Charbonneau and Sacajawea — Baptiste, or "Little Pomp"—as he was affectionately called by the two Captains, this magnificent promontory was climbed by Clark on July 25, 1806. It is now privately owned by Don Foote of Billings, who has plans for developing it into an historical site of considerable merit.

search they could not be found. Clark, therefor, directed Sergeant Nathaniel Pryor to go overland with the remaining twenty-six horses to be taken to the Mandans. He was to be accompanied by Private George Shannon and Private Richard Windsor. (At a later date, Private Hugh Hall joined the other three.)

On July 24th, Captain Clark's main party started downstream in the two double river craft, expecting rapid passages, while the Pryor party and the horses began a slower journey by land. The horses were suffering from sore hoofs which had been worn to the quick, for they had rough going from Traveler's Rest in western Montana, to the Livingston area. For each one, the men had made "a sort of moccasin of green buffalo skin" and these buskins seemed to have provided the animals some relief.

On the third morning out, the Pryor party awakened to find themselves without a single horse. They followed the tracks of the Indians and horses for ten miles, finally concluding that there was no hope of their catching up with the thieves. The four men returned to camp, footsore and discouraged, packed the baggage on their backs, and started in the direction of the Yellowstone. They reached the murky river near Pompey's Pillar.⁶

Sergeant Pryor was not without personal afflictions to add to his woes. During the night a wolf had bitten through his hand. This ugly wound did not heal for several weeks. Previously, he had

twice dislocated a shoulder, and it must have pained him sorely.

Having reached the river, the question was how to proceed. Should they attempt the hundreds of miles ahead of them on foot?⁷ This plan was not feasible, Sgt. Pryor reasoned, since they were not sufficiently equipped to cope either with more thieving Indian horsemen or with the myriads of larger wild animals that roamed the region. The men were convinced, rightfully, that clever Indian scouts were observing every move they made.

These men were not free to take whatever time they wished. Time was a vital factor. Lewis and Clark expected the entire Expedition to be reunited at Mandan⁸ and, after a few days there, begin the homeward voyage to St. Louis. Pryor knew that there was no chance of reaching Mandan on time if his party should travel afoot. To miss joining the other members of the Expedition for the homeward journey, after having surmounted the hazardous Western passage, would be a tragic disappointment.

Such thoughts made the men both desperate and more daring than usual. There seemed to be only one hope, a slim one to be sure; it lay in a possibly successful voyage down the unknown Yellowstone for hundreds of miles in "tubs", such as those they had seen at Fort Mandan, months before.

Having made this decision, the men constructed two bullboats, each about seven feet three inches in diameter and

sixteen inches deep. The desired number of willow withes for the frames and two green buffalo bull hides for the covers were soon obtained. After the skins had dried, the boats were light, but strong. It is not known whether or not handles were provided. The Indian squaws often left the buffalo tail on the hide, to be used as a handle. They thrust a stick into it and, when the tail dried, it became rigid. The stick was bound to a rib of the tub. Perhaps the four soldiers did this, in imitation of the Indian craft they had seen, or simply as a matter of expediency. Why cut the tails off?

The paddle, by which the "tub" was propelled, could not be used like the oar of a canoe. It was dipped forward and drawn directly toward the paddle with a kind of pawing motion. The paddler either stood in the prow, knelt if there was room, or sat down with feet to the right. Many squaws believed that they could deliver a better stroke when kneeling. One companion sat in the stern to help keep a balance.⁹

One tub could have carried the party and all their baggage, according to Pryor's calculation. The reason given for constructing two was a wise one: in case of an accident to one boat, everything would not be lost if men and parcels were capsized or divided. Apparently, these men were not too sure of their ability to navigate the "tubs." It is doubtful that any of them had ever before had the experience of even paddling one.

⁹ By present highway this is about 30 miles east of Billings. Clark and his river party, having made excellent time, had already climbed this isolated rock, some 200 feet high, on July 25. It had long been used as a smoke signal point by the Indians. Capt. Clark named it in honor of little "Pomp", son of Sacajawea and Charbonneau. Eventually the name was corrupted to the present form. In 1954 this site was purchased by Don Foote of Billings, who expects to develop it as a unique tourist attraction.

⁷ Freeman, Lewis R. *DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE*. Dodd, Mead, 1922. On p. 205 is the comment:

On June 6, 1875, Captain Grant Marsh in the (steamboat) *Josephine*, conducting a rough survey of the (Yellowstone) river under the direction of General J. W. Forsyth, reached a point (near Billings) which he estimated to be . . . 483 miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone.

In the propulsion of a bullboat, various tricks had to be played skillfully. Since the odd craft was rudderless, it would constantly whirl around; and in crossing a stream, would often turn almost a complete circle. The paddler had to modify the position of the paddle quickly to regain the desired direction. In going downstream, an important requirement was to hold the wiggly boat in the current. If a stiff wind blew upstream or abeam the direction of the channel, it was difficult to prevent a light "tub" from being blown against rocks or a cut-bank.¹⁰

Since the Journals of the Expedition give less than a page of information about this entire Yellowstone voyage of the Pryor party, knowledge of the difficulties that the four men must have met have to be surmised through understanding the experiences of other men of the same river. The Clark party travelling

¹⁰ Reid, Russell. *LEWIS AND CLARK IN NORTH DAKOTA, 1947-1948*. In footnote 212, p. 321, is the comment:

The point where Captain Lewis rejoined Captain Clark cannot be determined with accuracy but from a careful reading of the Journal and examination of their maps it would appear that the point was located about 6 miles below Sanish, North Dakota.

In a letter, dated January 21, 1955, from Dr. Russell Reid, Superintendent of the Historical Society of North Dakota, the meeting place of Captains Lewis and Clark in North Dakota was approximately 130 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. According to these figures, the Pryor party voyaged over 600 miles. The following is quoted from Dr. Reid's letter:

According to maps of the Missouri River Commission the distance from the mouth of the Yellowstone to Sanish, North Dakota, is 124 miles. The meeting place of Captains Lewis and Clark would therefore be 130 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. The mileage given on the Missouri River Commission maps is measured along the channel and is accurate. The river channel may shift from year to year but the mileage for a considerable distance would remain reasonably constant.

⁸ The bullboats used by white men at a later date were larger and stancher, the willows in the framework were heavier, and more than one bull hide was needed for the cover. In 1833, Nathaniel Wyeth navigated the lower Yellowstone to Fort Union in a bullboat eighteen feet long.

DeVoto, Bernard. *ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI*. Houghton Mifflin, 1947. See Plate "Bull Boating on the Platte" by the artist Alfred Jacob Miller for a view of this larger type of bullboat and the enormous load it sometimes carried.

¹⁰ Freeman, Lewis R. *DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE*, p. 325.

(Continued on p. 34)



Named in honor of the son of Charbonneau and Sacajawea — Baptiste, or "Little Pomp"—as he was affectionately called by the two Captains, this magnificent promontory was climbed by Clark on July 25, 1806. It is now privately owned by Don Foote of Billings, who has plans for developing it into an historical site of considerable merit.

search they could not be found. Clark, therefor, directed Sergeant Nathaniel Pryor to go overland with the remaining twenty-six horses to be taken to the Mandans. He was to be accompanied by Private George Shannon and Private Richard Windsor. (At a later date, Private Hugh Hall joined the other three.)

On July 24th, Captain Clark's main party started downstream in the two double river craft, expecting rapid passages, while the Pryor party and the horses began a slower journey by land. The horses were suffering from sore hoofs which had been worn to the quick, for they had rough going from Traveler's Rest in western Montana, to the Livingston area. For each one, the men had made "a sort of moccasin of green buffalo skin" and these buskins seemed to have provided the animals some relief.

On the third morning out, the Pryor party awakened to find themselves without a single horse. They followed the tracks of the Indians and horses for ten miles, finally concluding that there was no hope of their catching up with the thieves. The four men returned to camp, footsore and discouraged, packed the baggage on their backs, and started in the direction of the Yellowstone. They reached the murky river near Pompey's Pillar.⁶

Sergeant Pryor was not without personal afflictions to add to his woes. During the night a wolf had bitten through his hand. This ugly wound did not heal for several weeks. Previously, he had

twice dislocated a shoulder, and it must have pained him sorely.

Having reached the river, the question was how to proceed. Should they attempt the hundreds of miles ahead of them on foot? This plan was not feasible, Sgt. Pryor reasoned, since they were not sufficiently equipped to cope either with more thieving Indian horsemen or with the myriads of larger wild animals that roamed the region. The men were convinced, rightfully, that clever Indian scouts were observing every move they made.

These men were not free to take whatever time they wished. Time was a vital factor. Lewis and Clark expected the entire Expedition to be reunited at Mandan⁸ and, after a few days there, begin the homeward voyage to St. Louis. Pryor knew that there was no chance of reaching Mandan on time if his party should travel afoot. To miss joining the other members of the Expedition for the homeward journey, after having surmounted the hazardous Western passage, would be a tragic disappointment.

Such thoughts made the men both desperate and more daring than usual. There seemed to be only one hope, a slim one to be sure; it lay in a possibly successful voyage down the unknown Yellowstone for hundreds of miles in "tubs", such as those they had seen at Fort Mandan, months before.

Having made this decision, the men constructed two bullboats, each about seven feet three inches in diameter and

sixteen inches deep. The desired number of willow withes for the frames and two green buffalo bull hides for the covers were soon obtained. After the skins had dried, the boats were light, but strong. It is not known whether or not handles were provided. The Indian squaws often left the buffalo tail on the hide, to be used as a handle. They thrust a stick into it and, when the tail dried, it became rigid. The stick was bound to a rib of the tub. Perhaps the four soldiers did this, in imitation of the Indian craft they had seen, or simply as a matter of expediency. Why cut the tails off?

The paddle, by which the "tub" was propelled, could not be used like the oar of a canoe. It was dipped forward and drawn directly toward the paddle with a kind of pawing motion. The paddler either stood in the prow, knelt if there was room, or sat down with feet to the right. Many squaws believed that they could deliver a better stroke when kneeling. One companion sat in the stern to help keep a balance.⁹

One tub could have carried the party and all their baggage, according to Pryor's calculation. The reason given for constructing two was a wise one: in case of an accident to one boat, everything would not be lost if men and parcels were capsized or divided. Apparently, these men were not too sure of their ability to navigate the "tubs." It is doubtful that any of them had ever before had the experience of even paddling one.

⁹ By present highway this is about 30 miles east of Billings. Clark and his river party, having made excellent time, had already climbed this isolated rock, some 200 feet high, on July 25. It had long been used as a smoke signal point by the Indians. Capt. Clark named it in honor of little "Pomp", son of Sacajawea and Charbonneau. Eventually the name was corrupted to the present form. In 1954 this site was purchased by Don Foote of Billings, who expects to develop it as a unique tourist attraction.

¹⁰ Freeman, Lewis R. *DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE*. Dodd, Mead, 1922. On p. 205 is the comment:

On June 6, 1875, Captain Grant Marsh in the (steamboat) *Josephine*, conducting a rough survey of the (Yellowstone) river under the direction of General J. W. Forsyth, reached a point (near Billings) which he estimated to be . . . 483 miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone.

In the propulsion of a bullboat, various tricks had to be played skillfully. Since the odd craft was rudderless, it would constantly whirl around; and in crossing a stream, would often turn almost a complete circle. The paddler had to modify the position of the paddle quickly to regain the desired direction. In going downstream, an important requirement was to hold the wiggly boat in the current. If a stiff wind blew upstream or abeam the direction of the channel, it was difficult to prevent a light "tub" from being blown against rocks or a cut-bank.¹⁰

Since the Journals of the Expedition give less than a page of information about this entire Yellowstone voyage of the Pryor party, knowledge of the difficulties that the four men must have met have to be surmised through understanding the experiences of other men of the same river. The Clark party travelling

¹¹ Reid, Russell. *LEWIS AND CLARK IN NORTH DAKOTA, 1947-1948*. In footnote 212, p. 321, is the comment:

The point where Captain Lewis rejoined Captain Clark cannot be determined with accuracy but from a careful reading of the Journal and examination of their maps it would appear that the point was located about 6 miles below Sanish, North Dakota.

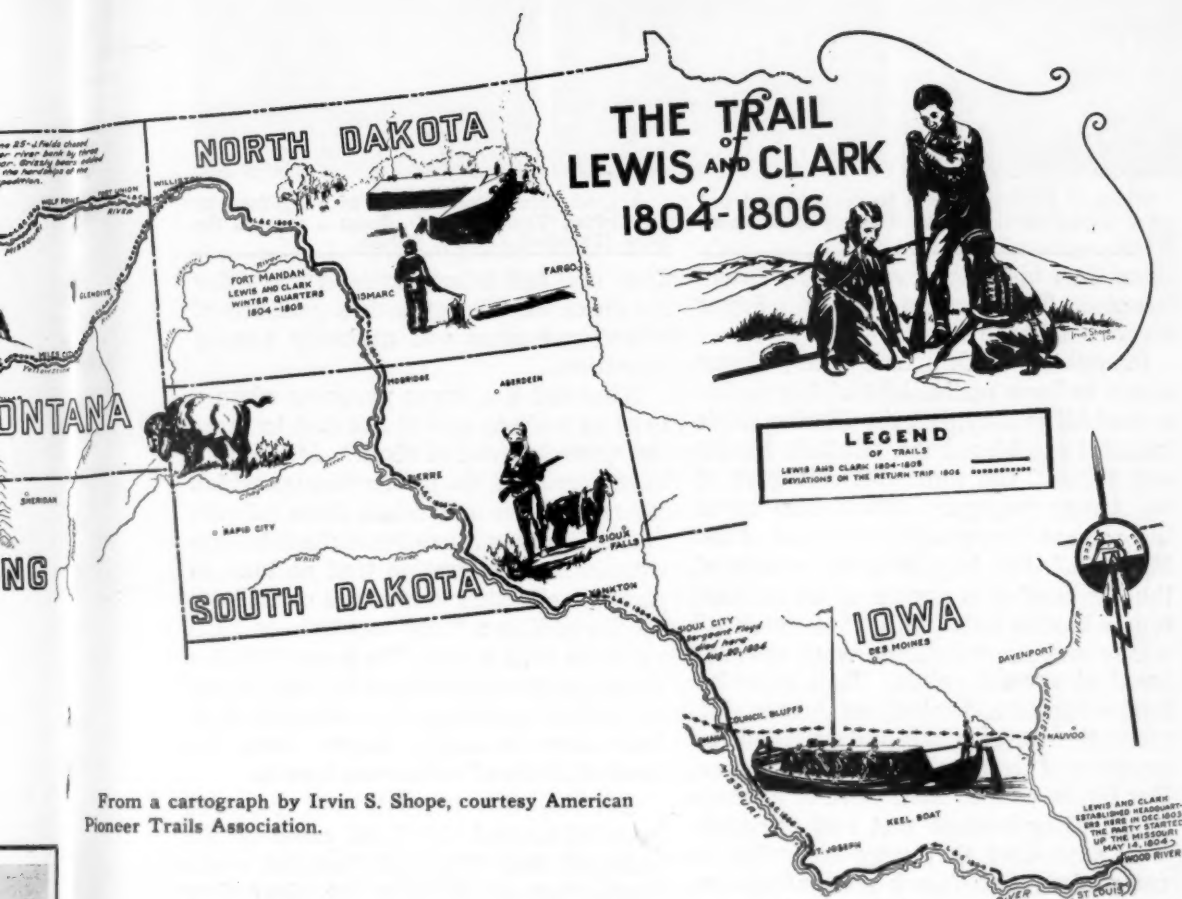
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¹² The bullboats used by white men at a later date were larger and stancher, the willows in the framework were heavier, and more than one bull hide was needed for the cover. In 1833, Nathaniel Wyeth navigated the lower Yellowstone to Fort Union in a bullboat eighteen feet long. DeVoto, Bernard. *ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI*. Houghton Mifflin, 1947. See Plate "Bull Boating on the Platte" by the artist Alfred Jacob Miller for a view of this larger type of bullboat and the enormous load it sometimes carried.

¹³ Freeman, Lewis R. *DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE*, p. 325.

(Continued on p. 34)



From a cartograph by Irvin S. Shope, courtesy American Pioneer Trails Association.

Commanding the entire length of the Formal Museum of the State Historical Society building at Helena is this major contribution to the perpetuation of one of the stirring events in United States history—the Lewis and Clark Expedition. This massive diorama—the largest ever devoted to this important subject—is 21 feet wide, 10 feet high and almost 20 feet deep. Its skillful execution, requiring almost a year and a half, was largely the product of three highly talented young Montana artists. The sculptor of the 26 heroic-sized human figures was A. Rudy Autio of the Bray Foundation, Helena. The background artist was Leslie Peters, noted wild-life painter of Great Falls. Coordinating and arranging was handled by Robert G. Morgan, Curator of the State Historical Museum. The scenes depicts the breaking of the last Montana river camp near the Beavers' Head in Southwestern Montana on the morning of Aug. 9, 1805, as the expedition neared the Rocky Mountain fortress. Desperately in need of horses if they were to succeed in reaching the Pacific Ocean, Capt. Lewis and party of three are here departing in search of the Snake Indians, known to possess the horses they so sorely needed and which they subsequently obtained. This diorama needs a sponsor.



"Mode of Crossing Rivers by the Flathead and other Tribes" from an early drawing by Gustavus Sohon.

A good detailed photograph of a bullboat by J. Morrow, Yankton, S. D. From a copy in the State Historical Library, Helena.

ahead had to contend with many interferences. The question is, did the Pryor party avoid them?

In talking with Clark later, Pryor seems to have made light of the rapids east of Miles City, but the Clark party's journals considered the "Buffalo Shoals and rapids" the most difficult part of the entire voyage.¹¹ Clark also rated the current "more rapid than that of the Missouri." On July 26th he calculated the depth of this stream to be at least ten or twelve feet. "High" or "violent" winds and severe storms were encountered at several points. It is recorded that a high head wind, on August 1st, made the water rough and retarded the progress of the men in the double canoe. For hours, Clark's men were in a heavy rain. They became wet and unhappy. Two days later they were compelled to camp, about two o'clock in the afternoon, unload the canoes and dry the baggage. Some articles were spoiled. Again on August 5th, a high wind and a heavy rain lashed the party for two hours.

Did the Pryor party miss all of this unfavorable weather? They, too, were in open boats. If it rained, the only thing that they could have done was to have sought a camping spot. At best, the "tub" had to be unloaded at least once a day, turned upside down to dry in the sun or before a fire, otherwise they would sink.

¹¹ Abbott, E. C. ("Teddy Blue") and Smith, Helena Huntington. *WE POINTED THEM NORTH*. Farrar, 1939. P. 108: The Yellowstone "has drowned more cattle and men than any other river on the Texas trail."

General Nelson A. Miles hired Fred G. Bond to transport Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce band, as prisoners, from Fort Keogh, near Miles City, to Fort Buford, North Dakota, late in 1877. General Miles accompanied them. When they reached Buffalo Rapids, the General was nervous. Bond says that General Miles "would sooner face hostile bullets than the angry waters of Buffalo Rapids."

They also had to be examined every day for leaks. Caulking with a mixture of tallow and ashes was probably a daily operation.

What did the Pryor party do when a herd of buffalo or elk decided to cross the river in front of them? Millions of buffalo roamed the plains through which the river flows and, when these animals decided to cross, they formed a solid column in their migration that no kind of puny man-made interference could stop. To the buffalo a "tub" would have been no more than a toy. We know that the Clark party was bothered by such herds; on several occasions the men and their boat were in acute danger from the massed herds of swimming beasts.

Buffalo, the journals tell us, also prowled around the Clark camp on the night of July 31st and "excited much alarm, lest in crossing the river they should tread on the boats and split them to pieces." If a camp happened to be in the path of such a moving herd, there was little hope of escape. The next day, Clark's party had to land and wait over an hour for a multitude of these huge ruminants to pass by. Later in the day, at a short distance below the island on which they were camped, two other herds passed, each as large as the first one. On August 2nd, they came near being detained again when two other herds decided to cross, but, fortunately, the men succeeded in directing their canoe between them.

Since the winds and the rain, the current and the waves, as well as savage animals, conspired against Captain Clark's party, it can be wondered whether the elements behaved any better during the nearly two weeks that Pryor's party was

on the river. Did Pryor find it easier sailing in the primitive "tubs"? It may be more reasonable to believe that Pryor and his companions were not in the habit of rehearsing all of the difficulties that came their way or of asking for sympathy because of any handicaps. Skilled frontiersmen that they now were, they accepted misfortunes as a normal part of their adventuresome life. When they finally met Clark on August 8th, they were absorbed in the thought of his disappointment at their late arrival and the serious loss of the horses. Pryor was a man of great courage and resourcefulness.¹² Like all of the Expedition, he thought only of immediate causes and effects, not of the historical future.

The Pryor "tubs" were not discarded immediately upon the arrival at the Clark camp. They were useful on several emergency short trips, such as returning to the site of a previous camp to secure an article left behind by mistake. In going upstream, the "tub" had to be transported, since it could not be used for travel in that direction. Doubtless the men carried them in one of the

¹² DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, v. 15, p. 255. Pryor's faithful services during the expedition are copiously recorded in the Journals of Lewis and Clark. . . . In 1814 he became a captain, and later served with distinction in the battle of New Orleans. "A braver man," wrote Gen. Sam Houston to President Jackson some years afterward, "never fought under the wings of your eagles." . . . Few persons of the early frontier have drawn so many warm tributes as a soldier and a man, than did Sgt. Pryor.



C. M. Russell ink-drawing of a Sioux squaw with bullboat.

two ways then common among the squaws along the Missouri: worn upside down on the head like a big hat or on the back by means of a packstrap across the chest. On August 12th, the two life-saving bullboats were abandoned. Captain Lewis' party had arrived. His boats could accommodate the entire Expedition.

Credit to the Indians for the part played in the success of the Lewis and Clark expedition cannot be overlooked. The incident of the voyage of the Pryor party in replicas of the squaw bullboat, is only one of the countless incidents recorded in the Journals in which borrowing from the red man was acknowledged as invaluable by the Captains. The valued services of Sacajawea¹³; utilizing, almost daily, bits of vital information gained from the Indian; following their well-worn trails, eating their food, profiting by the help of skilled Indian guides, and obtaining such important articles of trade as horses for overland trips, all played a memorable part in making this great American adventure the success which history now considers it to have been.

At any rate, two crude "tubs" constructed in imitation of Indian know-how, may have averted serious difficulties for one of the epic American historical adventures!

[THE END]

¹³ Reid, Russell. *Op. cit.*

See footnote 73, pp. 67-68 for a discussion of the spelling of the name of the Shoshone Indian woman who accompanied the Lewis and Clark Expedition. The spelling in this book is Sakakawea. Generally, now, the name is accepted as Sacajawea.



A young architectural student and artist, Gabe Bedish of Bozeman, contributed this interpretive drawing of Capt. Lewis' encounter with a grizzly on Maria's River. Note the esportoon in right hand.



In the handwriting of the distinguished former Governor and Senator from Montana: "Mary Clark Husband and friend. Compliments Jos. M. Dixon." [Below this] "Mary Clark" the reputed quarter breed grand daughter of General Wm. Clark of "Lewis & Clark Expedition fame." This woman is the daughter of the half breed red headed Nez Perces Indian—the reputed son of Wm. Clark. Judge Knowles—Judge Woody—Granville Stuart and others knew the half breed in early days. Granville Stewart [sic] and Nathaniel Langford took photos of them in 1870. Mr. Langford sent Joseph M. Dixon reprint of the photo which he now has. "Mary Clark" as the Indians call her, was recently living on the Flathead Reservation. This photo was taken during the summer of 1905 at Missoula.—Governor Joseph M. Dixon. Presented by C. D. Greenfield." [Gov. Dixon is the "friend" standing with the two Indians.]

On these two pages are reproductions of three old photographs from the non-public files of the State Historical Library. They are a delicate part of the countless human documents relating to the Lewis and Clark Expedition. In this case, after a century and a half, the facts—if there ever were facts—are difficult to either authenticate or reject. There is little doubt that members of the expedition fathered children among the various Indian tribes with whom they came in contact. In this case there is more concern because it involves alleged offspring of Capt. Clark. As editors, we are interested in the objective documentation relating to the subject which we do not now possess. All of the captions on these photographs are verbatim. They represent the meager information which the Library possesses on them. Can you furnish any more?

By way of background, the competent authority John Bakeless in his book *Lewis and Clark* has this to say:

"Lewis and Clark had long found certain aspects of aboriginal hospitality, however welcome to the men, somewhat embarrassing to their commanders . . . among many . . . tribes there existed the common primitive custom of providing a guest with literally all the necessities of life: food, lodging, presents, and—to the straightforward primitive mind, the greatest need of all—a temporary wife . . . It was customary to offer an especially honored guest your wife, your sister, or your maidservant, either for the night or for the duration of his stay, all depending on the exact degree

of honor you wished to show him . . . The freedom with which the Indians offered their women at first startled, then delighted, the enlisted men of the expedition. Clark notes: "a cuirous custom with the Souix as well as the reckeres [sic] is to give handsom squars to those whome they wish to Show more acknoledments to." He says no more, and the men's own journals usually ignore such incidents with elaborate innocence . . . Nicholas Biddle, who wrote not only from the Journals but from indecorous information probably furnished by George Shannon, remarks . . . "our men found no difficulty in procuring companions for the night . . ." . . . Tabeau remarks that though Lewis and Clark's men were witnesses of [fertility rite] ceremonies, the captains themselves held aloof from such goings on . . . The Flatheads, according to Sergeant Patrick Gass . . . were the only Indians who did not exhibit "loose feelings of carnal desire . . . and they are the only nation on the whole route where any thing like chastity is regarded . . ." . . . Clark's Journal [records] "Generally helthy except Venerials Complaints which is verry Common amongst the natives and the men Catch it from them."

But what of the two Captains? Perhaps such facts, which would have been difficult to document even at the time of the expedition, will never come to light. Paternity claims, in view of the obvious moral customs of the Indians, are inevitable. But are they true? All we can do is present the evidence of these photographs and their captions as they exist today.

What Are The Facts?

[Right.] "Son of Captain William Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition of the years 1804-5-6. The date of this man's birth was either about June, 1806 or March, 1807. Probably he was born about the latter date, for the reason that the Lewis and Clark expedition camped for a few days only with the Chopunnish or Nez Perce tribe of Indians in the latter part of September, 1805, while on its return in 1806 it made camp with those Indians from May 14 to June 10, enjoying a comfortable period of rest and refreshment. He was engaged in the Nez Perce Indian war in Idaho and Montana, and was made prisoner with Chief Joseph at the battle of Bear Paw mountain, and was sent with Joseph and other prisoners to Indian Territory, where he died in 1878 or 1879, aged about 72 years.

During my residence in Montana I often met this half blood son of Captain Clark. He was very proud of his paternal ancestry, and, when accosted, would straighten his body to its full height and strike his chest with his open palm, exclaiming as he did so: 'Me Clark!' Then extending his hand he would ask for tobacco. With an appreciation of the historical interest which would some day attach to this man, I persuaded him to have his photograph taken, and have now in my possession the original photograph, of which this is a copy. His photograph was taken in Montana in 1866 or 67.

The Hon. Granville Stuart, the first Secretary of the Historical Society of Montana, who was well acquainted with Captain Clark's son, has confirmed my declaration that this is his picture, and none other, by writing on the reverse side of the copy which I presented to the Historical Society of Montana, the following words: 'I knew the old man well. His hair was yellow. This is his picture.'

The identity of the Chopunnish and Nez Perce Indians is shown by the entries in the journals of Lewis and Clark, under dates of September 21 and October 10, 1805, Nathaniel Pitt Langford, St. Paul, Minnesota."



[Below]: "Presented by Mrs. Maj. Ronan, Mary daughter of son of Capt. Wm. Clark Eugenia daughter of Mary Clark Photo is of Eugenia & her grandchild. See also picture of son of Capt. Clark presented by Mr. Langford."

[Since there is no further identification, it is assumed that "Mary and Eugenia Clark" are in the center, directly behind the old person kneeling in the immediate foreground.]



Expedition, West!

After the long winter months in the Mandan villages, 31 buckskin-clad valiants under Captain Lewis and Clark moved relentlessly westward, that Spring of 1805.

By Edmund Christopherson

IN THEIR Journey up the Missouri River a hundred and fifty years ago, Lewis and Clark, and their hardy band were the first group of white men to explore the vast area that today comprises the Northern Rocky Mountain Region and the major drainages of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

They were an oddly assorted lot as, at the end of April, 1805, they rowed, sailed, and literally dragged their six canoes and two heavier boats, called pirogues, upstream past the junction the Yellowstone makes with the Missouri. Bearded, garbed in buckskin pieced out by remnants of their Army uniforms, this 31-man Corps of Discovery slogged their way west, into "a country of at least two thousand miles on which the foot of civilized man has never trodden." They had much confidence in their two Captains, yet they were understandably apprehensive. "The best authenticated accounts informed us," Sgt. Patrick Gass wrote later, "that we were to pass through country possessed by numerous, powerful, and warlike nations of savages of gigantic stature, fierce, treacherous, and cruel, and particularly hostile to white men."

Their expedition, we now know, was a practical step initiated by the brilliant President Jefferson toward his dream of United States expansion. He set it up with the usual statesmanlike official doubletalk, designed to get through Congress without alerting France, Spain, and Britain, who were interested in the area, too. Its purpose was "in the interests of commerce, and to incidentally advance the geographic knowledge of our own

continent." It was to explore the route for transcontinental commerce, the Missouri, and the Columbia or any other practicable river to the Pacific.

To head the exploration, Jefferson carefully picked his secretary Meriwether Lewis, tall, serious, persistent ex-soldier who hailed from Jefferson's home town, Albemarle, Virginia. For co-leader, Lewis signed on William Clark, whom he'd known as a competent soldier in the Indian wars.

Jefferson's set of instructions required that the two Captains be not only explorers, but also ambassadors, naturalists, meteorologists, agriculturalists, geographers, navigators, linguists, Indian experts, cartographers, commercial attaches, and a lot more. In the new country they traversed, they were to be the eyes, ears, nose, and throat of the United States. "Your observations," Jefferson wrote, "are to be taken with great care and accuracy."

In spite of the scope of their required proficiencies, the records show that they were capable on every detail except spelling, and history has never quibbled about this minor deficiency. Their daily log still stands as one of the most vital adventure records in the story of America.

At the northernmost point reached by Capt. Lewis and his detachment on the Maria's River in July, 1806, is this monument. One of innumerable memorials honoring the famous expedition, it can be reached through Cut Bank, in Glacier County, Montana.

Besides Lewis and Clark the party that first toured what is now Montana, consisted of 3 Sergeants, Glass, Ordway, and Pryor, and 23 enlisted men. There was Lewis' slave and personal attendant, the giant Negro by the name of York, whose color, kinky hair, and stature endlessly fascinated both Indian braves and maidens. Scammon, Clark's great Newfoundland dog, went along on the mission, and his lively conduct won him several mentions in the Journals. For interpreters, there were Drewyer (Drouillard) and Charbonneau, a shifty French squawman hired at Fort Mandan the winter before. Charbonneau's wife,—as most of us know—was Sacajawea, a Shoshone who was kindaped from her tribe as a girl, was the only woman along on the trip. On her back, papoose fashion, she carried her 2-month-old infant Baptiste (affectionately called "Pomp" by the expedition). Sacajawea was so cheerful and helpful throughout the expedition that she won the admiration of the entire company.

The expedition got an early start the morning they broke camp and started upstream from the Yellowstone's junction with the Missouri. The omens were good, the wind favorable. With the aid of sails, the boats navigated easily, making good progress against the current. They came on great quantities of game, consisting of the common whitetail and mule deer, elk, buffalo, antelope, brown bear. Even the beavers were prospering. They were gnawing through 2-foot-thick trees.

Their safari had entered a hunter's paradise. Today the pressure of men and



ranching has concentrated game animals in the mountain areas, and the Montana Fish & Game Department is trying to restore herds in down-country areas to give down-river hunters a better break. But in the days before the Treasure State was settled, the game owned the country. Elk, deer, buffalo, antelope, bighorn sheep, Rocky Mountain goats all ate first class on the luxuriant grasses that are still close to the top of any list of Montana's principal assets. The game, traveling in huge herds, with a panoramic view of a plain including several species must have been like movies taken in present-day Africa, with herds of zebras, wildebeeste, buffalo, and antelope moving past a stationary camera in grand procession. It was a golden era. Later Lewis wrote of an inspiring moment when, standing on a rise he surveyed "an extensive and most enchanting view. The country in every direction around us was one vast plain in which innumerable herds of buffalo were seen, attended by

The author, a resident of Missoula, is one of Montana's best-known free-lance writers. He has contributed to SATURDAY EVENING POST, HOLIDAY, COLLIERS and many other leading national publications, including TIME, LIFE and the New York TIMES, for which he has been a correspondent. His second installment will appear in our next issue.

their shepherds, the wolves. The solitary antelope, which now had their young, were distributed over its face. Some herds of elk were also seen. The verdure perfectly clothed the ground. The weather was pleasant and fair."

As the boats sailed up what Indians called "the river that scolds all others," Lewis and Clark took turns hiking along the bank. The second day beyond the Yellowstone Junction, Lewis and his companions fell in with a couple of grizzly bear and shot at them. They had beginner's luck. One of the giant bruins made his escape. The other was wounded severely enough that, although he attacked, he moved so slowly that Lewis had time to recharge his muzzle-loader and shoot again before the bear reached him.

In the ensuing glow of overconfidence, that night Lewis wrote that while they were "much more furious and formidable than the black bear, and will frequently pursue the hunter when wounded, in the hands of skillful riflemen they are by no means as formidable or dangerous as they have been represented." Still, he added, "it is astonishing to see the wounds they will bear before they can be put to death. The Indians, equipped as they generally are, with their bows and arrows and indifferent fuzees [guns] may well fear this animal."

Grizzly were extremely abundant along these upper reaches of the Missouri, and as his experience with the royal bear increased, so did his respect. Once Lewis recorded: "notwithstanding that (the grizzly) was shot through the heart, it ran at its usual pace nearly a quarter-of-a-mile before it fell."

One evening the men in two of the hindmost canoes "discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds about 300 paces from the river, and six of them, all good hunters, went out to attack him. Taking advantage of a small rise, which concealed them, they got within 40 paces of him unperceived. Two

of them reserved their fire as had been previously concerted. The four others fired nearly at the same time, and each put a bullet through him. Two of the balls passed through the bulk of both lobes of his lungs. In an instant the monster ran at them with open mouth. The two who had reserved fire, discharged their pieces at him as he came toward them. Both of them struck him, one fortunately broke his shoulder. This, however, retarded his motion for a moment only. The bear pursued and had overtaken them before they reached the river. Two of the party betook themselves to a canoe, and the others separated and concealed themselves among the willows. They reloaded their pieces, and each [shot] at [the bear] as they had an opportunity. They [hit] him several times again, but the guns served only to direct the bear to them. In this manner he pursued two of them separately so close that they threw aside their guns and threw themselves into the river, altho the bank was nearly twenty feet perpendicular. So enraged was this animal that he plunged into the river only a few feet behind them when one of the men on shore shot him through the head and finally killed him. [When] they took him on shore and butchered him, they found eight balls had passed through him in different directions."

That same day, as the two captains strode along the river bank, Lewis was horrified to see the large white pirogue, laden with their precious papers, instruments, books, medicine, and a great part of their merchandise,—in short, almost every article indispensably necessary to the success of the expedition—, tipping over before a sudden gust of wind. Bowsman Cruzat finally broke through Charbonneau's hysteria by threatening to shoot unless the little Frenchman grabbed the tiller, and then started bailing. Meanwhile Sacajawea scampered around the boat's perimeter snatching the valuable gear from the river.



These two paintings by Bodmer depict the wild, primitive nature of the Missouri River traversed by the Lewis and Clark expedition. Right is the broad, treacherous expanse below the mouth of the Platte. Left, as the artist captioned it, "The White Castles on the Missouri. West of Mouth of Milk River, July 25, 1833." A small part of the vast herds of wild game encountered are seen here.

A couple of days later Clark was nearly bitten by a rattlesnake. That night they killed another in their encampment. As they slept, the campfire spread to a large snag that leaned directly over the lodge of dressed skins that the two explorers shared with Drewyer, Charbonneau, Sacajawea, and the infant Baptiste. The sentry roused the camp, and no sooner had they moved the tent than the flaming treetop crashed on the place the tent had stood. "Had we been a few minutes later, we should have been crushed to atoms! The wind blew so hard that, notwithstanding the lodge was fifty paces distant from the fire, it sustained considerable injury from the burning coals which were thrown on it. The party was much harassed also by this fire, which [spread] to a collection of fallen timber and couldn't be extinguished."

The trip was literally a field day for Scammon, Lewis' dog. Fearlessly he charged any of the game that he encountered. Like the wolves, he learned to catch antelope when they were attempting to swim the river. One evening he so thoroughly frightened a buffalo calf that the trembling critter attached himself to Lewis and followed him around like a puppy for hours. Scammon wandered off on his own at night, but always showed up for roll call. He came nearest to overmatching himself in a tussle with a wounded beaver, which chewed

up the Newfoundland so thoroughly that he came near bleeding to death.

Scammon really earned his place in history the night when a large, adventurous buffalo bull "swam over from the opposite shore and, coming alongside of the white pirogue, climbed over it to land. He then alarmed, and ran up the bank in full speed directly towards the fires, [tramping] within 18 inches of the heads of some of the men who lay sleeping before the sentinel could drive him off. Still more alarmed, he now took his direction immediately towards our lodge, passing between 4 fires and within a few inches of the heads of one range of the men as they yet lay sleeping. When he came near the tent, my dog saved us by causing the [charging] bull to change his course, which he did by turning a little to the right, and was quickly out of sight, leaving us by this time all in an uproar with our guns in our hands enquiring of each other the cause of the alarm."

Traveling west from the river we now call the Musselshell, Lewis first glimpsed the Rocky Mountains ahead. They were covered with snow, and the sun shone on the peaks in such a manner to give Lewis the "most plain and satisfactory view. While I viewed these mountains, I felt a secret pleasure finding myself so near the head of the heretofore conceived boundless Missouri, but when I reflected on the difficulties which this snow barrier would probably throw in my way to

the Pacific, and the suffering and hardships of myself and party in them, it in some measure counterbalanced the joy I felt the first moments I gazed on them.

"But, as I have always held it a crime to anticipate evils, I will believe it a good, comfortable road until I am compelled to believe differently."

Near the mouth of the Judith River, the explorers found an earlier Indian encampment. Wolves were abundant, fat, and extremely gentle,—so much so that Clark killed one with his *espontoon* (pikestaff). The reason for the wolves' prosperity was evident soon thereafter when the party passed "the remains of a vast many mangled carcasses of buffalo which had been driven over a 120 foot precipice by the Indians. The water appeared to have washed away a part of this immense pile of slaughter, and still there remained the fragments of at least a hundred carcasses. They created a most horrid stench. In this manner the Indians of the Missouri destroy vast herds of buffalo at a stroke.

"For this purpose one of the most active and fleet young men is selected and disguised in a robe of buffalo skin, having the skin of the buffalo's head with the ears and horns fastened on his head in the form of a cap. Thus caparisoned, he places himself at a convenient distance between a herd of a buffalo and a precipice proper for the purpose, which happens in many places on this river for miles together.

"The other Indians now surround the herd on the back and flanks, and at a signal agreed on, all show themselves at the same time, moving forward towards the buffalo. The disguised Indian, or decoy, has taken care to place himself sufficiently nigh the buffalo to be noticed by them when they take to flight, and running before them, they follow him in full speed to the precipice, the cattle behind driving those in front over, and seeing them go do not look or hesitate about following until the whole are

precipitated down the precipice, forming one common mass of dead and mangled carcasses.

"The decoy, in the meantime, has taken care to secure himself in some cranney or crevice of the cliff which he had previously prepared for that purpose. If they are not very fleet runners, the buffalo tread them underfoot and crush them to death, and sometimes drive them over the precipice also, where they perish with the buffalo."

As the expedition moved up the river, they relied less on wind and more on the brute strength of men, dragging the boats with elkhide towlines against the capricious river current. The work was "incredibly painful and great". Often, compelled by the rapidity of the current in many places, plus the obstructions of cliffs, rock points and riffles the men were forced to be in the icy water up to their armpits, on slippery hillsides, on the sides of rocks, on gravel, and through stiff mud, sometimes barefooted, for the stiffness of the mud and the steep slopes made keeping moccasins on impossible. When they could wear footgear, the going was so rigorous that a pair of double-soled moccasins rarely lasted two days, that is if they patched the holes worn at the end of the first day.

The men bore these hardships without complaint. In spite of their exertion, they still had vitality enough to notice the prime scenery along their route. Sgt. Ordway wrote, "The hills and river cliffs exhibit a most romantic appearance. On each side of the river [are] white, soft sandstone bluffs, rising to about half the height of the hills. In many places it appears like ancient ruins,—some like elegant buildings at a distance, some like towers."

Lewis described these white castles along the river near present Big Sandy as "soft sand cliffs, worn into a thousand grotesque figures which, with the help of a little imagination and an oblique

When the pencil artist A. E. Matthews visited the great falls of the Missouri to do this sketch in 1868, they probably had changed but little from the inspiring sight which greeted the Lewis and Clark expedition.



view, at a distance are made to represent elegant ranges of lofty freestone buildings, having their parapets well-stocked with statuary, Columns of various sculpture, both grooved and plain, are also seen supporting long galleries in front of these buildings.

"In other places, on a much nearer approach, and with the help of less imagination we see the remains or ruins of elegant buildings, some columns standing and almost entire with their pedestals and capitals, others retaining their pedestals, but deprived by time or accident of theirs,—some lying prostrate and broken, others in the form of vast pyramids on their tops, becoming less as they ascend, and finally terminating in sharp point. Niches and alcoves of various forms and sizes are seen at different heights as we pass.

"As we passed on it seemed as if those scenes of visionary enchantment would never have an end, for here it is too that nature presents to the view of the traveler vast ranges of walls of tolerable workmanship,—so perfect indeed are those walls that I should have thought that nature had attempted here to rival the human art of masonry, had I not recollected that she had first begun her work."

All across Montana the party lived well on the abundant game. It was a high-protein diet, scant on vegetables except rare occasions when Sacajawea dug out hoards of wild artichokes where mice had cached them, or Lewis scouted some wild onions. "It is now only amusement for Captain Clark and myself to kill as much as the party can consume,"

he wrote. There was some variety when Pvt. Goodrich, the outfit's ace fisherman, went after trout, or when a detail built a drag of branches and took hundreds of fish out of the well-populated streams.

"My fare is really sumptuous this evening," Lewis said, "buffalo humps, tongues, marrowbones, fine trout, parched meal, pepper and salt, and a good appetite!" Beaver tails and livers were considered a delicacy, and one time, while out on a side excursion, Lewis ordered that each man kill a prairie dog, roast, and eat it. They were rated "very good". Lewis stood his turn as camp cook, rustled his own wood and water, and turned out a tasty fare of buffalo meat and suet dumplings. Charbonneau specialized in boudin (poudinge) blanc, "which we all esteem as the greatest delicacy of the forest. He made it by adding meat, suet, salt, pepper, and a little flour to the contents of a buffalo's large intestine and cooking in its original container." On occasion Lewis "ate of the small guts of the buffalo cooked over a blazing fire in the Indian style without any preparation of washing or other cleansing, and found them very good."

The party's heavy meat diet, together with relentless stuffing was undoubtedly related to the fact that the men, including Lewis and Clark, frequently complained of stomach troubles, which Lewis usually dosed with Glauber's salts, a cathartic in fashion at the time.

As the Corps of Discovery moved closed to what Indians described as the shining mountains, they came to a split



At the turn of the century this famous painting by C. M. Russell, of the explorers at the great falls of the Missouri, hung in the Park Hotel collection at Great Falls. Now owned by John Willard of Augusta, it is presently on loan in the Russell Room of the new State Museum at Helena, Montana.

in the river near the present-day town of Loma, which the redmen hadn't mentioned. The two branches seemed of equal size. After sending small details to explore each branch, everyone in the expedition, except Lewis, was convinced that the north branch was the main stream of the Missouri, and the quickest route to the Pacific.

It was a critical moment. The wrong choice would have shattered the expedition's timetable, perhaps leaving them stranded by winter and struggling for survival far short of the ocean they sought.

Certain of his belief that the south fork was the main channel, and fully aware of the crucial nature of his decision, Lewis left his men camped at the forks of the Missouri and the river he called "Maria's" after a cousin he favored, and set out with four men to pursue the south branch until they either came to the falls the Indians had described, or blind-ended in the snowy mountains.

On their third day Lewis started across a "most beautiful and level plain of great extent of at least 50 or 60 miles, [filled

with] infinitely more buffalo than I had ever before witnessed." Lewis started out across the plain, and had gone two miles when he heard the agreeable sound of a fall of water, and a little further he saw the spray arise above the plain like a column of smoke. Soon there was a roaring too tremendous to be mistaken for anything short of the Great Falls of the Missouri!

Lewis turned rhapsodic, describing one of the falls as "the grandest sight I ever beheld. The irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below break the water into a perfect white foam which assumes a thousand forms in a moment, sometimes flying up in jets of sparkling foam to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and are scarcely formed before large rolling bodies of the same beaten and foaming water is thrown over and conceals them. In short, the rocks seem to be most happily fixed to present a sheet of the whitest beaten froth for 200 yards in length and about 80 feet perpendicular.

"From the reflection of the sun on the spray, or mist which arises from these

This fine photographic study of Rainbow Falls, where the expedition celebrated Independence Day, July 4, 1805, was presented to the State Historical Library by T. A. Greenleaf.



falls a beautiful rainbow is produced which adds to the beauty of this majestically grand scenery."

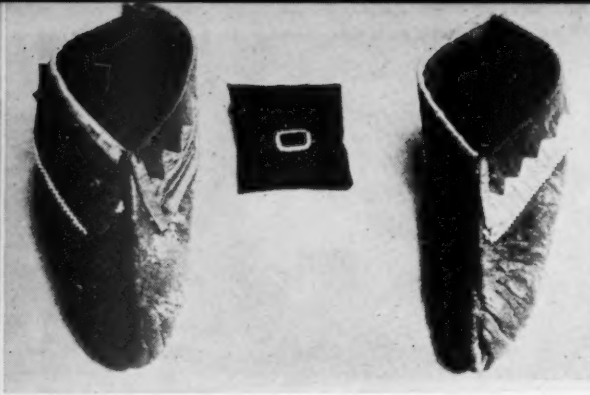
The next day Lewis sent word to Clark to bring the expedition along. In a mellow mood he strolled toward the bend of the Missouri, near where a herd of at least a thousand buffalo grazed. He decided to camp by himself nearby, and shot a fat buffalo for food. Instead of immediately reloading, he stood a moment, watching the spectacle of the dying beast. His reveries was broken by the sudden awareness that a large grizzly was stalking him, and had crept to within 20 steps before Lewis saw him. "I drew up my gun to shoot, but at the same instant recollected that she was not loaded, and that he was too near for me to hope to perform this operation before he reached me, as he was then briskly advancing on me. It was an open, level plain, not a bush within miles, nor a tree within less than three hundred yards of me. The river bank was sloping and not more than three feet above the level of the water. There was no place to conceal myself from this monster until I could charge my rifle. I thought of retreating in a brisk walk towards a tree about 300 yards below me, but I had no sooner turned [than] he pitched at me, open mouthed, and full speed. I ran about 80 yards and found he gained on me fast. I then ran into the water to such depth that he would be obliged to swim, and planned to defend myself with my espartoon. The moment I faced about and put myself in the attitude of

defense, [the grizzly] suddenly wheeled about as if frightened, and retreated with quite as great precipitation as he had just pursued me."

Somehow, Lewis found he was still holding his gun, and as he returned to shore and reloaded it, he watched the changeable bear run three miles across the plain and disappear. He next approached an animal that he supposed to be a wolf, but when he drew near, "it crouched down like a cat looking immediately at me as if designed to spring on me. I took aim and fired. It instantly disappeared into its burrow."

Three hundred yards farther on, three bull buffalo, part of a large herd about half a mile from him, separated from the herd and charged, full speed, at Lewis. "It now seemed to me that all the beasts in the neighborhood had made a league to destroy me, or that fortune was disposed to amuse herself at my expense." He turned to face this new onslaught when, suddenly, as the bulls approached within a hundred yards, they turned, looked, sniffed, and wheeled off in another direction.

Lewis gave up his ideas of spending the night on this plain, which, "from the succession of curious adventures wore the impression on my mind of enchantment. Sometimes, for a moment I thought it might be a dream, but the prickly pears, which pierced my feet very severely once in a while, particularly after it grew dark, convinced me



Moccasins and a shoe-buckle used by Captain Meriwether Lewis.

that I was really awake, and that it was necessary to make the best of my way to camp."

It was the middle of June, with the sun glittering on the mountains when Clark and the men brought the boats up to the base of the Falls. In addition to the regular hardships, the men had to watch out for a new abundance of rattlesnakes which buzzed along the bank. Slipping as he tugged on the elkhide thong that pulled a canoe, one man grabbed at a bush and felt his hand close on the head of a sizzling rattler.

Their survey of the Falls and the surrounding terrain indicated that it was too rugged for the men to carry the boats on their shoulders, so Sgt. Gass, a one-time carpenter, took a crew and set about building two crude cart-frames to drag the boats over the portage. For wheels they used slices of a cottonwood tree; for axles, the mast of the white pirogue.

Hauling the boats uphill over the 18-mile portage route around the Falls made just plain river dragging seem easy. They hauled "with all their strength, weight, and art, many times every man catching grass and stones with their hands to give them more force. Notwithstanding the coolness of the air, in high perspiration. Every halt those not employed in repairing the course are asleep in a moment, many limp from the soreness of their feet. Some become faint, but no man complains,—all go cheerfully on. To state the fatigues of this party would take up more of the Journal than other notes which I find scarcely time to put down."

Storms added to their travail. Hailstones as large as tennis balls pelted the area, and everyone had to run for shelter. Sudden, gale-like winds blew up and chilled the sweating, half-clad men. One time "the men informed [Lewis] that they hoisted a sail in a canoe and it had driven her along on the truck wheels." Rain filled the channels along the portage route, and turned the clay into a clinging glue-like gumbo. A sudden storm, and the rushing torrent that followed flashed a fifteen-foot floodwall down a ravine Clark, Sacajawea, her baby, Charbonneau, and a couple of soldiers were traveling. They just escaped. Among the object Clark reported missing after this adventure was his umbrella.

Mosquitoes and large gnats which did not sting, but attacked the eyes in swarms began adding to the hardships. Grizzlies were so thick that Lewis, who by this time had confessed that he'd had enough of and if he had a choice would rather fight two Indians, refused to send any man out of camp alone. One of them showed up "large as a common ox." One of them raided the camp's meat supply and gorged thirtyweight of suet. Scammon would bark at them all night.

It wasn't all work, though. Not quite. In spite of their fatigue, on the Fourth of July the expedition quit work at four o'clock and lined up for the last of the spirits they had nurtured along. They drank to Independence Day, and to the distant government they represented. Cruzat got out his fiddle. Men of the expedition danced and cavorted, just as they would have at home, until 9:00, when rain broke up the festivities and sent them scurrying for their beds. Even in one of the most difficult and dangerous exploration adventures of all time, alert and hardened men knew how to relax and laugh!

[To Be Concluded, Next Issue]

The Montana Tax 'Conspiracy' of 1889

By John Welling Smurr



In the previous installment, in the last issue of this magazine, the author states "The belief that the mining interests of Montana conspired, in 1889, to obtain unjustified taxation privileges in the state constitution, has long been popular in many quarters. Indeed it draws more than a little comfort from a bare recital of the obvious facts; yet the evidence that no such thing occurred is likewise weighty." He cites the prevailing climate at the time of the previous abortive constitutional meeting in '84 in which mining interests were predominant, and concludes with discussion of early developments in the '89 convention up to July 19. The article continues:

When finally the committee report was received, Loud (a damaged cattleman from Custer)⁵⁷ proposed that all property should be taxed at its value, "as provided by law," i.e., by the legislatures. The contest was on.⁵⁸ "I suppose the motive in introducing [the amendment] was to get at the proposition of taxing mining property," John R. Toole remarked, and went on to deliver the speech quoted in part earlier in this paper.⁵⁹ Llewellyn A. Luce (Gallatin) supported Loud, but both lost without debate.⁶⁰ Charles S. Hartman (Gallatin) then proposed that the gross, rather than the net, proceeds of mines be taxed, a motion which would have considerably altered the history of Montana had it passed; but it too lost without debate.⁶¹

It was at this point that the first inkling of a possible *quid pro quo* came to the attention of the committee of the whole. Charles E. Conrad (Choteau businessman) suggested that all "canals, ditches, and water courses constructed for the sole purpose of carrying water

for use in mining, irrigating and farming lands" be added to the list of exemptions.⁶² The chief opponent of the measure was Martin Maginnis, Montana's sparkling delegate to Congress, who took the line that was claimed as their own by friends as well as foes of the miners, namely, that since the Conrad proposal could lead to nothing unless outside capital came in to construct pipes, flumes, and the like, the consequence might well be a corporate monopoly in water which would be "the worst species of landlordism and rack-rent in the world."⁶³ That he and others were sincere in this is suggested in the debate on public lands, where the same fear of land and water monopoly were often expressed.⁶⁴ The mining men in general argued, and not without support, that there was truly a difference between mines-administration and land-administration, the difference presumably being that miners could take care of themselves (some of them certainly could), but that farmers could not. The pros and cons of the affair are endless, and we must pass over it here. Suffice it to say that all these proposals stirred W. A. Clark to make the address that J. K. Howard found so insincere.⁶⁵ Undoubtedly the speech reads very badly. Clark based his case in part on the alleged rectitude of county assessors, "men of integrity and honesty," who would not permit the mine owners to take advantage of the clause on mine taxation. He then opened his mind. Recalling the op-

position of a few men to the mines tax clause of 1884, "men of ability, shrewdness, and acquaintance and familiarity with public affairs," he was pleased to be able to say that he had talked to one of them "not later than a week ago" (!), a Territorial lawyer who was "honest and qualified to judge of these things, [and who], after having experience with it as he has had since, has stated to me that while in the former constitution he believed it was unjust and unfair," he had since seen "the workings of the system," and was led to the conclusion that "it was the only fair and equitable method of arriving at the fair and just taxation of the mining interests of this country."⁶⁶

Clark was really forced into this clumsy unmasking of J. K. Toole, the "honest and qualified" lawyer of whom he spoke. Eight days earlier the *Butte Inter-Mountain*, the only paper in the Territory which tried to make political

capital of the mines tax question, called the attention of its rivals, the Democrats, to Toole's singular about-face on this issue. It recalled a bitter exchange between Clark and Toole during the 1884 convention, and hinted broadly that Toole's speech had since become "lost" through connivance.⁶⁷ But this bombastic editorial was so much campaign fodder. It sought only to embarrass Toole-the-Democrat, for it quickly endorsed the exemption and lauded Clark for his behavior in both conventions.⁶⁸

Yet Clark did not get off without scars. Six days before, while the *Bozeman Chronicle* was assuring its readers that the anticipated fight against exemption had "failed to materialize,"⁶⁹ the *Husbandman* was preparing another striking editorial against the mining men. It also admitted that the issue was "virtually settled," but went on to refute Clark's arguments point-for-point before he even uttered them. Its most telling blow was struck at one aspect of the mining position which the delegates continued to overlook during all their deliberations:⁷⁰

We have labored hard toward the development of our mining interests, but we would regret to see the matter of taxing this industry, when fully developed and given over to wealthy corporations, being placed beyond all possibility of adjustment.

⁶⁶ Sanders, *op. cit.*, p. 1423.

⁶⁷ *Proceedings*, pp. 470-71.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 471. (See notes 29, 31, 32, above.) Toole argued that the favors sought by the mine owners were only those usually found elsewhere, and cited Nevada, Colorado, California, and "the State of Dakota." For the experiences of other states and territories without ad valorem taxes see Warren Roberts' *State Taxation of Metallic Deposits* (Harvard Economic Studies, Vol. LXXVII, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1944), pp. 65-187; and *Ann. Cyclop.*, 1884, p. 535. These references show that Toole was more right than wrong, especially so if the complete history of mines taxation is kept in mind.

⁶⁹ *Proceedings*, pp. 471-72. Luce was a non-political and successful lawyer. (*Progressive Men*, pp. 281-81.)

⁷⁰ *Proceedings*, p. 472. Hartman later became a determined foe of the Anaconda Copper Mining company. (Sanders, *op. cit.*, p. 1221.)

⁷¹ *Proceedings*, p. 472.

⁷² *Loc. cit.*

⁷³ See references in note 22.

⁷⁴ Howard, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

⁷⁵ *Proceedings*, pp. 475-76. Clark's assertion that the tax assessors would do their duty, as prescribed by the constitutional provision in question and by enabling legislation to follow, has given rise to some little humor. As a matter of record, it was the activity of tax assessors in soaking the mine operators for all the traffic would bear that led to the act of 1879. This act (Revised Statutes, 1879, ch. liii, sec. 1047), when combined with one of 1887 (Compiled Statutes, 1887, V, 1107), provided the model for the clause introduced by J. K. Toole into the convention of 1889. Roberts (*State Taxation of Metallic Deposits*, pp. 126-27) does not stress this development and omits mention of the abortive convention of 1884, which represented a gesture to non-mining taxpayers.

⁷⁶ Editorial, July 22. The charge is not without interest because there has been a second "disappearance" no less puzzling than the first. Lippincott, secretary of the convention of 1884, probed the capitol for some time during the 1920's, but was unable to locate the manuscript record-of-debates presumably deposited there sometime after 1884. The employees with the longest memory of department affairs in the office of the Secretary of State told the writer that they had never seen the manuscript and knew of no one who had. A quick check of the other capitol offices led to no better results.—Personal interview of the personnel of the Secretary of State's office, and others, April 30, 1951.

⁷⁷ *Loc. cit.*

⁷⁸ "The Conventions," July 24.

⁷⁹ Editorial, July 25. (Italics mine.—J. W. S.) Some results of the oversight are related in John Moody, *The Truth About the Trusts* (New York: Moody Publishing Co., 1904), pp. 3-44. As early as 1880 one-fourth of the evaluated property of Montana was owned by persons in other states or territories: James G. Blaine, *Twenty Years of Congress* (Norwich, Conn.: The Henry Printing Company, 1884), I, p. 618. Probably a good many Montanans read Blaine's much-advertised book even if they did not see the federal census: Oberholtzer, *A Hist. of the United States*, etc., IV, p. 165.

What was to happen to Montana if favorite sons like Clark and Daly sold their mines to "dangerous foreign corporations" like those which presumably waited just across the state line, eager to drink dry the waters of the state? Mining men and agrarians alike—no one thought this contingency worthy of mention.

Following Clark there was a little more talk, and then quietude again until J. K. Toole surprisingly rose to propose that the legislature be given the power to exempt other properties by general law. He labored hard to show that specific exemptions were, according to Justice Field of the western circuit court, contrary to the federal constitution, but failed to show how mining property could be virtually exempted while other species of property could not, and finished lamely in this fashion:⁷¹

I might take occasion to say here that four years ago when I was a member of the Constitutional Convention of the Territory, I opposed the provision which exempted from taxation the mines of this Territory, and I urged then that as one of the reasons for my opposition. It was then put in as an exemption. Here it is put in a different manner. . . . But I went further at that time and stated that I believed that no system was builded upon a better foundation than that which declared equal taxation. But my observation and experience in this matter has demonstrated to me the perfect wisdom and propriety of the proposed article . . . [etc., etc.]

At this point we would be justified in suspecting the worst, not only because Toole might have bought a governorship by this action,⁷² but also because his amendment actually carried.⁷³ On the other hand, all who read the *Proceedings* will be struck with the apparent confusion of the non-mining members, whose amendments from that point on show neither unanimity nor organization.

In a confused debate a variety of propositions was offered, some attempting to cancel Toole's amendment, others trying to take advantage of it by specifying just what farm properties would be exempt. Neither side had the advantage and the same speakers spoke again and

again. So far as the "conspiracy" is concerned, the mining leaders sometimes suggested and supported certain exemptions which the farmers might like, but there was never agreement among the Clark-Toole axis as to which exemptions were worthy of support. Walter Burleigh, whom we have seen before, compounded the confusion by attacking the mines exemption not so much because it was plainly unfair, but because it cluttered up the constitution with "legislation." Unwilling, as were so many, to meet one evil with another, he foreswore tax privileges for the farmers and tried instead to make certain that the mine owners were sincere. His most potent amendment would have caused the legislature to devise "stringent means" to establish that "salaries paid officers of the mining corporations" should not be "accounted as an expense or deducted from the gross earnings," and he anticipated history when he also moved that the levy on mines "shall not be less than two per cent of the net earnings."⁷⁴ Even a proposal by J. K. Toole, now drifting rapidly into the movement for concessions, that the income of irrigation companies and corporations be taxed on the same liberal basis as that of mines, was refused by him.⁷⁵ Instead, he countered with the suggestion that the whole section of the constitution be stricken out, and the result is one of the few recorded votes we have on the taxation of mines. He lost, 59 to 10, with six absences.⁷⁶ The vote is instructive. Most of the supporting votes were cast either by non-mining men or by others who, like Hartman, were later to become well known for

⁷¹ *Proceedings*, p. 483.

⁷² For obvious reasons. Possibly he was also strapped for cash. He borrowed \$350 from Sam Hauser (one of the Democratic party's "Big Four") the year before: Toole to Hauser, Feb. 2, 1888, "Hauser Papers," State Historical Society Library, Helena. (I am indebted to the director, Dr. K. R. Toole, for relocating this reference for me after I had carelessly mislaid it.)

⁷³ *Proceedings*, p. 483.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 492; and 483-92, *passim*.

⁷⁵ *Proceedings*, pp. 496-99.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 501-03.

their suspicion of the mining corporations. On the other hand, the minority also included such mining stalwarts as A. S. Hobson and Samuel L. Mitchell, both of whom sold out to Clark during the Senatorial race of 1899.⁷⁷ (Paris Gibson, the Great Falls capitalist, was another who opposed exemptions.)⁷⁸

In the course of the tangled debate it was proposed many times, as was said before, that irrigation companies should be exempted; and with the killing of Burleigh's amendments the mining men were free to vote their real persuasions, since it seems to have been believed that the previous vote had decided the mining question. The result was a near thing, 39 to 30 in favor of the new exemption. If this is offered as proof of a *quid pro quo*, and thus of a "conspiracy," certainly the closeness of the vote leads to other interpretations.⁷⁹ The minority included almost all the men who had constantly opposed "legislation" in the constitution. The majority included those who had sponsored the amendment, those who had supported it, and those who had opposed other provisions extending special privileges to farmers.⁸⁰ With these facts in mind, the possibility of proving a conspiracy theory is considerably reduced.

Whatever the case, the convention had a change of heart and knocked out the section of irrigation exemptions when the whole article was passed on August 1, including the section on mines. The vote was 54 to 15. Several members of the minority were mining men, and among those voting for the article were such independent minds as Callaway, Governor Carpenter, Lewis H. Hershfield (said to be the man who ruined Clark in the election of 1888),⁸¹ and Alfred Myers, who was one of few refusing Clark bribes in the Legislature in 1899⁸²; all these and more.⁸³

Why did the mining men cancel the irrigation exemption? Was it because they no longer needed agrarian support,

once their own exemption was secured? Apparently not; first, because they always had considerable support from the rural counties, as the votes show; and, second, because the irrigation issue could be gotten at again through divers other portions of the unfinished constitution yet to be reported. Due to a maneuver by Callaway before the vote just mentioned, it was necessary to reopen the whole dreary debate on irrigation some time afterwards.⁸⁴ The convention was swayed, or let itself be swayed, by the old argument that a promise of exemption for irrigation companies was, in effect, an invitation to throw away the resources of the state. As Maginnis put it, "Will it do no hurt to gobble up all the water, so that when these states of the United States come along they will find all these priority rights ahead of them, and they cannot engage in any general system of irrigation?"⁸⁵ In a most interesting rebuttal, William R. Ramsdell, a Missoula mercantilist and cattleman, said many interesting things. They must be reproduced in some fullness:⁸⁶

I am profoundly surprised that such morbid sensitiveness should be developed at this particular time tending toward legislation. It seems to me that before Article [sic] No. 3 [relating to the taxation of mines] was passed, this morbid sensitiveness had not developed itself, and I must say right here that outside of the few gentlemen from the agricultural districts who are honestly and conscientiously opposed to [the irrigation exemption] at this moment on material grounds, there are certain gentlemen from the mining sections who seem to oppose it on selfish grounds. And further, coming from an agricultural section, I supported them in their

⁷⁷ Christopher Connolly, "The Story of Montana," *McClure's*, 37:27, September, 1906.

⁷⁸ *Proceedings*, p. 503.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 503-12.

⁸⁰ *Loc. cit.*

⁸¹ *Helena Independent*, Dec. 5, 1910.

⁸² Connolly, "The Story of Montana," p. 27.

⁸³ *Proceedings*, pp. 512-19.

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 550-67.

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 553-59. Maginnis was not talking without good cause. All kinds of expensive corporate and cooperative irrigation schemes were tried in the 1880's, and on large scale. They uniformly failed through poor management, inexperience, over- and under-capitalization, and not a little corruption: F. H. Newell, *Report on Agriculture by Irrigation in the Western Part of the United States at the Eleventh Census: 1890* (Washington: Gov. Print. Office, 1894), p. 91.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 560.

efforts on behalf of the article [sic] that just passed in relation to mines, and I say right here in this convention, and I identify men who showed me to the contrary, that mining property is not bearing its proportion of taxation. Now, it seems to me, that if the representatives of the mining districts have secured this just and wise provision that they should have the courtesy and liberality to support this measure for means by which lands that are now arid and of no use to the country shall become valuable to the state.

Here was a tacit admission that there had been no *quid pro quo*, and a rather strong suspicion that there was not going to be any. The mine operators were supposed to support the irrigation exemption out of courtesy only. Even had the mining men been in favor of such a thing, what was the "pay-off" to be? Ramsdell made it all too clear that the farmers could not get together and had not even tried. The only thing the opposition could agree on, it would seem, was that it had a right to expect *something* for its liberality to the mining men.

But it was all for nought. After Luce and Callaway jumped all over the mining men with speeches that must have hit pretty hard in some quarters, the debate ground to a halt. Following preliminary sparring, a motion to lay on the table was lost, 35 to 37.⁸⁷ The delegates voted as individuals and the two groups represented all opinions. The announcement of the result brought applause from the floor, and again the debate broke out.⁸⁸ After intricate maneuvering it was finally decided to postpone indefinitely. The vote was again non-partisan.⁸⁹ Callaway's motion to reconsider, and to lay that motion on the table (thus burying it for good), was lost by four votes.⁹⁰ The reason was that not only the agrarian delegates but most of the press and many of the mining members did not wish to vote cloture on so important a matter as irrigation. And so it was that the taxation debate was finally ended.⁹¹

The opposition press was satisfied to say that the result was expected, that it was unfortunate, and so on, but that the constitution should be supported nevertheless. The irascible *Butte Inter-Moun-*

tain waited until September 14 to repeat its charges against Toole, and added that it possessed the only copy of his 1884 speech against exemption. The blast came during a gubernatorial campaign, was designed as partisan literature, and was accepted as such.⁹²

The Helena papers, and the mining papers generally, continued to run news stories of the taxation discussion, but never editorialized on the subject. The Helena journals obviously wished to stay out of the controversy rather than prejudice their case for the establishment of the state capital at Helena.⁹³ Some, of course, desired the exemption; and the rest doubtless realized that the exemption would pass with or without their consent. The remaining newspapers may have ignored the issue for some purpose still undiscovered, but it is more likely that they were no more interested in this issue than in other constitutional questions.⁹⁴

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 568.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 569.

⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 571.

⁹⁰ *Loc. cit.*

⁹¹ *Loc. cit.*

⁹² *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, editorials, Aug. 1, Sept. 20; "A Weak Constitution—Probably," editorial, *Avant Courier*, Aug. 8; "Constitutional Convention," *Fergus County Argus*, editorial, Aug. 8; "Mr. Toole's Consistency," editorial, *Butte Inter-Mountain*, Sept. 14.

⁹³ It would be hard today to realize how important the capital issue was. A hundred instances could be cited to show how it interfered with the vital business of the convention. When finally it broke out even the most sober delegates took joyous part in the pushing and shoving. (*Proceedings*, pp. 132, 411-17, 727-39, 741-83, 786-801, 826-27, 857-59, 866-70, 953.) There are hints here and there that those who had no power to offer it tried to trade it off for other favors, and more than hints: "I feel free to say that I have been informed that my actions and my vote on [the apportionment article] would influence the retaining of the capital at Helena." (Speech by Craven, Lewis and Clark: *Proceedings*, p. 635.) Most of the members were merely talking for their constituents, for, in spite of the vigor of the debate, it was fairly easy to postpone the choice of a city until some years after. Until that point was reached, however, the Helena papers were taking no chances. There was sufficient jealousy of the city already.

⁹⁴ Unless someone is prepared to demonstrate that the "conspirators" bribed 22 newspapers in order to obtain their consent or silence, there is no difficulty in accounting for their lassitude on this single occasion. So far as the convention was concerned two-thirds might have been printed on barbiturates. Colonel Broadwater's new inn, the Sullivan-Kill-rain prizefight, the Fourth of July celebrations,

It will be recalled that earlier we stated the problem of the mining men in terms of political control of the legislature, and pointed out how easily that control could escape them. The article dealing with the construction of the legislature came up for consideration on August 2, a date by which the mines tax problem was virtually settled. Within two days after J. K. Toole rose to introduce the report of the legislative committee, a lively debate broke out and the mining exemption was brought up for scrutiny again.⁹⁵ In dealing with legislative apportionment the committee report had this to recommend:⁹⁶

The Legislative Assembly of this State shall until otherwise provided by law, consist of sixteen members of the Senate and fifty members of the House of Representatives. It shall be the duty of the first Legislative Assembly to divide the State into senatorial and representative districts, but there shall be no more than one Senator from each county.

After lively but amicable discussion, the section on apportionment and then the entire article were favorably reported out of the committee of the whole.⁹⁷ In convention the section passed by 62-8, with five absences, but still the issue did not break into the open. As it then stood, the populous counties—which were of course the centers of the mining industry as well—stood at a considerable disadvantage in

the proposed senate, since in that house each county had the same number of votes.⁹⁸ It was not until all the amendments to the long article were disposed of, in order, and the chair prepared to entertain additional amendments, that the struggle started in earnest. Why it had not come before is a mystery, but it is a fact that the first inkling of a general contest appeared only with an amendment by John C. Robinson of Deer Lodge (a mining county) to strike out the word "sixteen" and insert "twenty-one."⁹⁹ Robinson accepted J. K. Toole's amendment to his own, calling for the insertion instead of the words "twenty-six" and for a rewording which would make the section read "there shall be at least one senator from each county." The last phrase was an obvious and hopeful sop to the small counties.¹⁰⁰ Toole then officially took up the big-county banner, and the fight began.

He denounced equal representation in the senate as a violation of the principle of republican government. "Can the great county of Missoula," he asked, "afford . . . to tie its hands and give away the power which it has and ought to have in proportion to its population, and put itself upon an equality with counties that do not represent anything like the same amount of population?"¹⁰¹ Allan R. Joy of Park County was quick to point out that ten other states enjoyed the principle of equality in the state senate. Then he got down to brass tacks:¹⁰²

It is well known that Lewis and Clark and Silver Bow counties alone, or possibly including Deer Lodge County, have controlled every body that has met here for some years; that they have a majority in each house of the Legislature by virtue of their population; that they have a majority in the convention, except, fortunately, they do not have it in this body—that very fact alone is enough to warn all of the counties outside of those three that they will practically never have a voice in the halls of either house of our Legislature; or they will have a voice there, but it will be soundless; it won't amount to anything; the majority of the votes will be cast in those three counties, and however the other counties may protest, nevertheless those three counties will control for all time both branches of the Legislature of Montana.

and the price of hay in the next county, with other items of equal magnitude, were alone regarded as worthy of coverage or comment. Several papers never mentioned the convention but twice, to hail its opening and to mark its close. Professor Coleman's survey of the various articles of incorporation in the Secretary of State's office in Helena turned up little that suggests an attempt by men like Clark to buy up papers in order to push mines-exemption, as was freely done about the time Clark began his senatorial drive later. The only papers worth buying were, with a few honorable exceptions, located in Helena and Butte, and these required no buying.

⁹⁵ *Proceedings*, pp. 597-601, 614, 618-44. On the committee, of which Toole was chairman, three of the large-county members were probably "mining men," by which is meant that they put mining first, and three were as deeply engaged in other pursuits. Members from the smaller counties were in the same category as the latter. However, all might have been chosen for legislative experience alone.

⁹⁶ *Proceedings*, p. 597.

⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 597-618.

He had practical matters on his mind, and mining taxation was not one of them. "Suppose," he said, "a Legislature meets here composed of a majority in each county, how many public buildings do you suppose Dawson County will get? How many public buildings will Park County or Gallatin County or any other of these small counties get?"¹⁰³ No one answered. The matter then hung fire overnight.¹⁰⁴

C. R. Middleton (Custer) opened for the small counties the next morning with fire in his eye. His first words were virtually a threat to let the constitution collapse if senate equality did not prevail. He could not blame the committee chairman, he said. J. K. Toole represented a people "so absolutely selfish that he is bound on this floor to take the position that he does, regardless of what his conscience may dictate to him; regardless of what he may think is right and fair . . ."¹⁰⁵ Launching into a spirited defense of the theory of the concurrent majority, he examined the different economies of the counties and showed how each required particular kinds of legislative treatment.¹⁰⁶

The mining sections demand certain classes of legislation; the stock interests require legislation to some extent in their interest. Place the entire matter of both houses of this legislature upon a basis of popular representation and, Mr. President, you know that the mining interests and the mining localities and sections of this state will forever dictate to the rest of the state and to the other industries and interests, what legislation they shall have and what they shall not; and I submit that this is absolutely unfair. I submit there should be in one house of the legislature a representation based upon counties; so that although the population house might desire to have everything in the interest of the mining localities, that house could say to them "gentlemen you cannot have things your way entirely without conceding something to us."

Middleton's speech in favor of "equality" is a fair sample of the rest. The

smaller counties were not so much concerned with what the mining interests (who in this case were also the large counties) would get, as they were with what the non-mining interests (or small counties) would not get, unless each had a voice in government.

In spite of hot rejoinders by Maginnis, who thought he was being bullied, Burleigh first obtained a vote for the previous question in favor of the small counties, 39 to 33, and then a decisive vote in favor of equality in the senate, 42 to 30.¹⁰⁷ It was another interesting vote. Sixteen large-county men crossed the line to vote with the majority; and regular party loyalties, as always, counted for nothing. Against these numbers, however, were arrayed many of the big guns of the convention, including the president and the two Tooles.¹⁰⁸ An ill-tempered exchange followed, with many attempts by the big-county men to recoup, all of which were voted down. There was some switching from one vote to the next, but only by less important members.¹⁰⁹

In the midst of the wrangling a leading mining figure made a speech which strongly suggests that the mining interests at the convention were disorganized. "General" Charles S. Warren of Silver Bow had this to say:¹¹⁰

One council member for each county has been the system heretofore, and only those who have tried it, and those who have gone up against this thing know how hard it is to get any legislation protecting the mining industry in any way out of any legislature that has met hitherto. Ten years ago, this coming winter, the first mining law was passed. It was passed after thirty-nine days of earnest work, both on the floor and in the lobby, and then it passed the house by a very small majority, and on the last day . . .

¹⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 622-33.

¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 663.

¹⁰⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 633-43.

¹¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 634. The "General" will be remembered as the heroic leader of the militia pursuit of Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés. He was a great plunger, once losing a mine worth \$1.5 million to another shark, it was said. Another story described how he lost a second mine which later returned \$2 million in profits. His connection with the *Butte Inter-Mountain*, through Lee Mantle, no doubt accounts for the flatulent tone of its editorials. (Miller, *op. cit.*, pp. 457-58.)

¹⁰³ *Ibid.*, pp. 618-21.

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 622.

¹⁰⁵ *Loc. cit.*

¹⁰⁶ *Proceedings*, pp. 622-24.

¹⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 624-26.

¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 625-26.

¹⁰⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 626.

¹¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 629-30.

¹¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 630-31.

There has hardly been a session of the Legislature that some effort has not been made to repeal or restrict that law . . . if this is to become a law—if five hundred men are to have the same representation that ten thousand are, why the sooner the Governor issues his proclamation again convening this convention; the better off we will all be.

Obviously no well-oiled conspiracy could for a moment have allowed such a boorish speech, which was prefaced with a gloat over the riches of the mining counties and a foolish charge that the others were trying to steal it away.¹¹¹ Others of the mining side asserted that there had been horsetrading among the small-county men and that the miners were being gagged.¹¹² The opponents of the mines tax exemption had made no such charges a few days before.

The various votes of the members of the apportionment committee on the senate issue are quite interesting. Taking Chairman Cooper as an example, it can be seen that even those with mining connections generally would not support the mining group for that reason alone, but were almost sure to vote with it if they themselves were big-county men. This generalization also holds true for the forty-one members of the big-county group, encompassing the delegates of Silver Bow, Deer Lodge, Lewis and Clark, and Missoula. Counting out about six votes for pairing and absenteeism, the remainder voted rather consistently as a group, though not all the big-county men had much to do with mining. The small counties were plainly annoyed at having made a handsome gesture on the mine tax issue and resented not having won senate equality without a fight. It is hardly to be wondered at. In the Montana of those days there was so much jealousy between big railroads and small railroads, between big cities and small cities, between big counties and small counties, and so on, that it is unnecessary to drag in the complication of a mining "conspiracy" in order to account for the course of the debate on apportionment.

The small-county papers which supported their delegates never once raised

the tax issue. There was no hint that now they had a club with which to belabor the tycoons and strip them of their ill-gotten gains. As one might expect, they saw the issue simply as one of bigness versus smallness, and consequently as a straight case of fair play.¹¹³

The *Helena Journal*, again fearing to spoil the case for the retention of the capital in that city, was lauding the delegates as men of "high quality" as late as August 2. "No matter where they come from, they share with every citizen of Montana a just and warm pride in the city of Helena," it said.¹¹⁴ The very next day it came out with a vigorous attack on the apportionment, but even then took care to close with a warning to all not to ruin the chances of statehood.¹¹⁵ This moderation was significant, as the *Journal* was on its way to becoming one of the most bigotted sheets in the Territory by this time.¹¹⁶

The *Herald* flayed the idea of "county sovereignty"—a sore spot to all big-county editors—on August 5 and on the next day said it would have been much better if the delegates had adopted the

¹¹¹ *Proceedings*, p. 634.

¹¹² See note 93.

¹¹³ "The Convention," editorial, *Bozeman Chronicle*, Aug. 14; "What's the Matter With the Apportionment?" editorial, *Avant Courier*, Aug. 8; "The State Senate," *Great Falls Tribune*, editorial, Aug. 14; "Senatorial Representation," editorial, *Jefferson County Sentinel*, Aug. 9; "The Constitution," editorial, *Fergus County Argus*, Aug. 12; *Livingston Enterprise*, editorial, Aug. 10; "Popular Rights Invaded," editorial, *Fort Benton River Press*, Aug. 14; "The Kingdom of Custer," editorial, *Yellowstone Journal and Stock Reporter*, Aug. 10; *Livingston Post*, editorial, Aug. 8. The remarks of the *Glendive Independent* (Aug. 17) represent the sole mention it gave the convention.

¹¹⁴ "Forward or Backwards—Which," editorial.

¹¹⁵ "Senatorial Representation," editorial.

¹¹⁶ Hard words, but true. In the midst of a struggle to give the governor a salary commensurate with his dignities and responsibilities, the following headlines appeared over one of the *Journal's* "news" stories (July 30):

THE PUBLIC PAP

Who Will Suck it and How Much
They are Entitled to Suck

The Governor of Montana Must Be
Able to Entertain
The Shah

1884 constitution piecemeal, without attempting improvements.¹¹⁷ It gradually came around and by September 17 was urging a unanimous ratification.¹¹⁸

The *Independent*, in many ways the most responsible paper in the Territory, contented itself with a thoughtful review of the case against senate equality on August 4. This editorial was pirated by moderate journals in other counties.¹¹⁹

It was outside Helena that tempers were hottest. The influential James H. Mills of the *New North-West* was telling his readers by August 23 that the apportionment was "contemptibly partisan and maliciously unjust."¹²⁰ Even he, however, said that the constitution, bad though it was, must pass. Clark's paper in Silver Bow County, the *Butte Miner*, took the same line; but its crosstown rival, the Republican *Inter-Mountain* (J. K. Toole's nemesis), said the constitution was a "farce" and the apportionment a "great wrong," and "iniquity," and a "flagrant outrage."¹²¹ On the last convention day but one it denounced the "grasping majority," and predicted the defeat of the constitution with such malice that there was little doubt where its own sympathies lay.¹²²

Two of the big-county men, Warren and Thomas F. Courtney of Silver Bow, steadfastly refused to put their signatures to the finished constitution until the closing minutes of the convention, and both actually signed it after formal adoption. The rules were suspended long enough to allow them to affix their signatures.¹²³ This striking example of choler in a convention that was notable for its disposition to let bygones be bygones is worth remembering. For the

rest, the constitution was signed by the remaining 73 delegates in an atmosphere of good fellowship.¹²⁴

During the elections the constitution was not an issue and the exemption could not make it one. Intense feeling on either plainly did not exist. During the capital controversy, a puny thing in comparison to the taxation of mines, men raised cries of bribery and there were mass-meetings held to stir up support for this faction or that. None of these things were manifested during the exemption debates or in the campaign of 1889.¹²⁵ The Constitution was ratified by a vote of 24,676 to 2,274. The election resulted in a bitter contest between the two major parties, neither having won a clear decision at the polls; and in the smoke of this battle memories of the convention drifted quickly and quietly away.¹²⁶

What, then, is to be said about a tax conspiracy in the convention of 1889? The real question is whether any such thing was necessary, for there is little evidence that the public expected the exemption to be discontinued, and none that it rebelled when it was not. Most of the Territorial newspapers were free to make of the issue what they chose, and we have seen how little they were concerned with it. The handful of papers which actively opposed the exemption never completely denied its utility, and behaved as though they recognized from the start that they were wasting their time. Still more important is the fact that, in a period when each political party needed an issue, the exemption was not drawn upon for material. While it is true that most of the issues which arose in convention were not regarded as suitable for partisan warfare, those which were selected were of a childish sort and reveal the thinness of the political mind. One must of course admit that the desire to obtain statehood quick-

¹¹⁷ Editorials.

¹¹⁸ "The Constitution," Aug. 20; "Our Constitution," Sept. 17; "Summing Up," Sept. 30.

¹¹⁹ "The State Senate," editorial.

¹²⁰ "Partisan and Unjust," editorial.

¹²¹ "Statehood a Necessity," editorial, *Butte Miner*, Aug. 2; "Defeating the Constitution" and "The Great Wrong," editorials, *Butte Inter-Mountain*, Aug. 7, 10.

¹²² "Handicapping the Constitution," editorial, Aug. 14.

¹²³ *Proceedings*, pp. 973-74.

¹²⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 971-79.

¹²⁵ Territorial newspapers, July-through-September, 1889.

¹²⁶ Sanders, *op. cit.*, p. 711; *Ann. Cyclop.*, 1889, p. 571.

ly and not to prejudice the case by engaging in controversies without end was a strong one; and yet the delegates went out of their way, when preparing a public address on their labors, to show how much stronger the mining industry would be if the constitution were ratified. Few other aspects of their work were singled out for special commendation.¹²⁷ From the published *Proceedings* we can see that the mining men acted fairly well in accord during the exemption debates, but hardly as well on the subject of apportionment, and in the latter case even charged their opponents with ganging-up on them. No case at all can be made out in favor of the proposition that the non-mining interests, informed by long Territorial history of the alleged rapacity of mining men, ever organized to defeat a "conspiracy" in the convention. The limitations of a short review make it difficult to establish that fact, but a chronology of events would show it to a marked degree. It is also true that to organize any kind of a power bloc in convention would not have been an easy thing to do. Many of the seventy-five delegates scarcely knew one another, save by repute, and the various debates showed that quite often large numbers were confused as to what was taking place on the floor. If these persons were "sewed-up" in advance, their peculiar peregrinations reveal scant evidence of it. This too can only be seen by a careful reading of the record.

No doubt the question as to a conspiracy in 1889 would never have come up if the mining interests (mostly corporations, at that time just beginning in the Territory) had not subsequently been attacked on every hand for failing to pay a heavier tax. To this it is only necessary to say that there was a considerable difference in public temperature between 1889 and 1899 or 1919. The leading figures in Montana political life in the 1880's were respected. Before the First World War these personal heroes had

been replaced by giant corporations which certainly were not home-grown. To Montanans this made all the difference. Perhaps it should not have, but it did.

It is not necessary to paint the mining magnates *couleur de rose* in order to demonstrate that if there truly was a conspiracy it was singularly loose and ill-conceived. Still, if men like W. A. Clark were capable of anything, as most people now believe, it appears that some of them were not willing to reveal their limitless ambitions as early as 1889.¹²⁸ Furthermore, the mine owners had not secured an "exemption" after all. When opposition to the mining corporations later arose it was sufficient to threaten the use of the net-proceeds clause of the article on taxation in order to throw the industry into a panic. If these facts are not convincing enough it is fair to point out that those who were supposedly conspiring often had considerable personal wealth already, and seem now to have been content to sell out to eastern concerns once their own fortunes had been made. If future discoveries of the private papers of the leading convention figures show that some kind of organization in favor of the mines-tax "exemption" existed, there will always remain the question as to its effectiveness and, as we have said, of its necessity. Taking one thing with another, the detached observer is forced to agree with Helen Sanders when she says of the mines-tax clause of the constitution of 1889:¹²⁹

It was probably suggested by the conditions **AS THEY THEN EXISTED** and was deemed proper, having in view the desire that nothing be placed in the path of the development of the mineral resources of the Territory.

[THE END]

¹²⁷ The constitution would "relieve us of that unjust inhibition by which we are prohibited from selling our mines in foreign markets." (*Constitution of 1889*, p. 75.) The "inhibition" was a general law forbidding aliens to own Territorial mines. For a history of this law to 1887 see *Ann. Cyclop.*, 1887, p. 554. It was much resented in Montana.

¹²⁸ Clark's political upset in 1888 had been a jolt Kenneth Ross Toole, "The Genesis of the Clark-Daly (Continued, p. 57)

DIRECTOR'S ROUNDUP

ABOUT OUR NEW TITLE

By K. ROSS TOOLE

We have been asked repeatedly why we changed the title of the magazine from *The Montana Magazine of History* to *Montana: The Magazine of Western History*. The answer is multiple. In the first place we already were in fact, if not in name, a regional publication. Our swiftest growth is, and has been for some time, in the west outside of Montana. In the second place, we were beginning to turn down too many excellent regional manuscripts which touched Montana only peripherally.

But most compelling of all is the simple fact that history confined to arbitrary geographical boundaries is too limited in scope. How do you tell the story of Fort Benton without including St. Louis? How can you tell the story of the Fisk Expeditions and ignore Minnesota? How can you write of the Mullan Road and leave out Walla Walla? And how can you deal with the Anaconda Company in 1889 and ignore the machinations of the bankers in France?

Local history, to be effective and meaningful, must be set in the context of the state. State history must be considered as what it really is—a stone in the regional matrix. The emphasis in this magazine will remain on Montana, but we have set the lens for the broad picture. It may take us to Texas where the trail herds originated. It may take us to Fort McLeod in Alberta where the Whoopup Trail terminated. It may even land us in Paris with Pierre Wibaux.

It is as senseless to be arbitrary with geography in history as it is to be arbitrary with time. It is more properly a matter of emphasis and general delineation than of hard and fast limits. The more the flow and continuity of history is arbitrarily handled the greater the ultimate distortion.

The worst state histories have always been those that confined themselves unalterably to boundary lines. The best have been those that looked outward from the state to the region and let the social and economic factors flow as they must across and back, around and between. Neither rivers nor roads nor migrating peoples concern themselves with state lines. Such boundaries were politically drawn. They rarely mean much economically or, in a real sense, geographically.

Thus, local chauvinism notwithstanding, we do a better job on the history of Montana if we are constantly aware that Montana does not exist in a vacuum and is not really separable from the whole west.

But look at our new title again. The key word is *Montana*. We won't be swallowed up. It is just that we are broadening out and looking outward as we should.

TAX CONSPIRACY FOOTNOTE—Continued.

Feud," *Montana Magazine of History*, I, pp. 21-33, April, 1951), and it behooved him to tread warily. He did so for a short while. (L. W. Quigg, "New Empires in the Northwest," Vol. I, No. 8, *Library of Tribune Extras*, Aug. 1889, p. 68.) It runs counter to human nature to believe that he was not busy at numerous unsavory schemes during the convention. Noting that property assessments in Silver Bow were doubling within very short periods, Glasscock surmised that Clark sought to protect himself by giving mining a favored position in the constitution. But he does not say that Clark maneuvered the convention to that end, and he does not seem familiar with the debates: *War of the Copper Kings*, p. 120.

¹²⁸ Sanders, *op. cit.*, p. 354. (Italics mine—J. W. S.) If this view is incorrect we will then require a conspiracy theory covering not Montana alone, but almost every mining state in the west, for at one time or another—and for reasons operative in Montana—most of them took the same attitude toward the mines as Montana did. Again see Roberts, *State Taxation of Metallic Deposits*, *passim*.



THE BOOK CORRAL

Edited by Robert G. Athearn

University of Colorado

OUR REVIEWERS THROW A LOOP OVER BOTH CAYUSES AND TOP PONIES IN THEIR RANGE ROUNDUP OF THE LATEST WESTERN BOOKS . . .

CUSTER'S LUCK, by Edgar I. Stewart.
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1955. 522 pp., illustrations, maps, footnotes, bibliography. \$5.95.

*Reviewed by Robert E. Riegel,
Dartmouth College*

George Armstrong Custer has long been a part of American folklore as well as of American history. The annihilation of his immediate command by the Indians on the Little Big Horn in 1876 has probably inspired more investigations and more disputes than any similar, and essentially minor, episode in American history. The resulting literature has ranged from the soberest of detailed historical narratives through the reprinting of original accounts of varying value to the spectacular dime novel treatment. Attitudes toward Custer have ranged from sweeping and bitter condemnations of his personality and actions to laudations which almost canonize him as the greatest and bravest of military leaders—an example to be emulated by all red-blooded American youth.

The historian who delves into the mass of evidence and legend concerning Custer must be brave indeed, particularly as he recognizes that the fight on the Little Big Horn is still a living and vital affair with dozens of partisans willing and anxious to leap into the fray if even the smallest of their ideas is questioned.

Professor Edgar I. Stewart has undertaken the intimidating task of placing the Custer expedition in its proper setting, and of distinguishing truth from

legend. Not only has he undertaken the job, but he has completed it with praiseworthy results. The present book will undoubtedly remain the definitive work on the subject. It should close the whole discussion of the fatal Custer expedition, on the ground that nothing more of importance remains to be said. Of course, no one in fact expects such a pleasant result to ensue, but at least there is no law against hoping. Edgar I. Stewart has gathered all the available evidence, used it with discretion, and presented his results clearly and interestingly. What more could anyone ask?

Professor Stewart's story begins with a description of the plains Indians and their problems. The narrative then localizes and deepens to consider the tribes in the period after the Civil War, including the actions of the whites, and particularly of Custer. Stewart is, in general, sympathetic to the Indian but he never becomes maudlin; in fact, his whole narrative maintains a judicious and happy balance. Gradually the book concentrates on the Sioux of the northern plains and the plans to subjugate them. The sizes, quality, and leadership of the white armies are described, including the command jealousies which centered in Custer, who was always a storm center of violent partisanship. The reasons why Custer was a subordinate in the expedition, including an excellent discussion of Custer's testimony in Washington and of Grant's reaction, are developed interestingly and well. Ultimately one can follow the final expedition mile by mile until it ends in the final tragedy.



Jachet illustration of Custer's Luck.

The author closes his account with the annihilation of the Custer command, and does not follow the later campaign, which no doubt seemed to him to be anti-climactical.

The entire narrative of the present book flows along very well, which does not mean that it competes with the more lurid adventure story treatment. After all, the author is an historian who has professional standards in the evaluation and presentation of his evidence. In some of the long disputed points, as for example the implications of Custer's final orders, the author has clear and reasonable interpretations, although strong partisans of particular points of views may take violent objection. In other cases, as for example the strength of the Indians, the author confesses quite honestly that there is no way of making a specific and accurate statement. For this reader at least the end of the book found him certain in his own mind that the possibilities of a later and better book on the subject were so remote as to be negligible. And finally a bow should be given to the University of Oklahoma Press which has done its usual excellent job in typography and illustrations. Altogether, the highest compliments should go both to the press and to the author, Professor Edgar I. Stewart.

GOLDEN TREASURE, by Mable Oviat
(Helena, Montana, 1955), 254 pp.,
illustrations, appendix.

Reviewed by Ludlow Dooley,
Colorado Springs

This privately printed book (about Bannack, Montana and sundry other things) is really pretty bad. It is unkind to say so because even a bad book takes effort to write and this one exhibits a full measure of effort. Mrs. Oviat has steeped herself in Bannack lore and there are a few minor nuggets in the work. These are buried under the purplest prose to hit print in a long time.

There are some rather startling statements, metaphors (mixed) and coined phrases. The book gets off to a whirling start, covering the period from the Revolutionary War to the Louisiana Purchase in a chapter entitled "Settling the Great Northwest." Chapter two maintains the pace. The opening sentence explains that: "The Oregon Trail started at the Missouri River, crossed Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, and connected with the Columbia River."

Of Henry Plummer the author remarks: "It is not at all likely that he ever actually possessed a sincere desire to quit being a road agent." Of Nellie Paget she writes: "The saucy toss of her head and the impudent 'zip' of her skirt as she whirled through her dance denoted so clearly the state of her thoughts. She didn't need to look about her to know that the eyes of the spectators were filled with hopeless longing." This particular chapter finishes off with: "The names of these women who led quiet secluded lives in order that they might hold fast to that which they knew to be right and good, those names you have known. They are emblazoned in neon lights all over our state. Oh! It was that of their children, was it? Well after all you can't forget them."

Essentially, the book is Dimsdale and Langford empurpled. It is to be hoped that no neophyte uses it as a substitute for either of them.

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES, by Josiah Gregg (edited by Max L. Moorhead). University of Oklahoma Press. Two volumes in one, xxxviii, 469 pp. Foreword, introduction, maps, illustrations, glossary, bibliography and index. \$7.50.

Reviewed by Robert G. Athearn,
University of Colorado

To say anything new about a book that is over one hundred and ten years old, one that for generations has been familiar to American readers, and a work long heavily drawn upon by both teachers and writers of the westward movement, would indeed be difficult. First published in July, 1844, it was reproduced in Reuben Gold Thwaites' *Early Western Travels* (Volumes XIX and XX) in 1905, and now, a half century later, it is presented to another generation of readers under the very able editorship of Professor Max L. Moorhead of the University of Oklahoma. That it will be avidly read by those who, for one reason or another, have not yet become familiar with it attests to the fact that in its timelessness it has become a western classic. Historians, naturalists, ethnologists, and novelists will continue to draw upon it heavily, as they have done for over a century.

While the story is essentially one of the Santa Fe trade, in which Gregg participated during the years 1831 to 1840, the work is packed with detailed discussions of the Southwest, modes of living, the economy of the region, the natives (both Spanish and Indians), the animals and topography of a vast section of our country. Particularly interesting is the West's attraction to the author, who, after completing his journeys over the prairies looked back nostalgically upon his experiences and wondered about settling down once again in the more civilized regions of the land. The absolute independence of the prairie trader had its attractions for him. "He knows no government—no laws, save those of his own creation and adoption. He lives in no society which he must look up to or



propitiate. The exchange of this untrammelled condition—this sovereign independence, for a life in civilization, where both his physical and moral freedom are invaded at every turn, by the complicated machinery of social institutions, is certainly likely to commend itself to but few . . .," the well known trader philosophized. He predicted that "this passion for Prairie life" would be very apt to lead him out across the plains once more. And it did. He died in California a few years later, after a bad fall from his horse, while exploring the coast range. As one of his friends correctly said, "Twere a fit place for him to die."

The present edition of *Commerce of the Prairies* is a handsome one-volume work, done in the traditionally fine style of the University of Oklahoma Press. The reader will be gratified to learn that the introduction is not done in the florid, free-swinging manner of the "professional introducers" (intellectual strip-teasers used to attract major reviewers), but by a scholar who carefully examined the modern literature on the subject and then presented Gregg, and his book, in a meaningful perspective. In other words, it contains more information than advertising. The notes of both the author and the present editor are included, the latter being the most useful. A "Gregg Bibliography," reconstructed from the author's notes, as well as a list of the editor's sources, is furnished.

For both students of history, and those who simply like good, informative reading about the West, here is a volume that will go on the bookshelves as both a piece of literature and a valuable handbook. It is a standard, and a must.

THE MEN AND THE MOUNTAIN, FREMONT'S FOURTH EXPEDITION, by William Brandon. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1955. xii, 337 pp. Maps and index. \$5.00.

*Reviewed by W. Eugene Hollon,
University of Oklahoma*

John Charles Fremont's fourth western expedition (1848) is the least known episode in the life of the glamorous "Pathfinder of the West." The author of the present volume explains this very tersely—it was a "resounding failure." He also could have added that the materials relating to this ill-fated adventure are scattered, fragmentary, and often contradictory. Brandon, a professional short story writer, has searched for Fremont material in various libraries for several years. In addition, he has painstakingly covered the trail in person and located most of the expedition's mountain camp sites. His careful research, combined with excellent style, and first rate maps for illustrations, have resulted in a book that is hard to put down until the last page has been read.

The fourth expedition followed soon after Fremont's court-martial and dismissal from the army. There are two sides to the Fremont-Kearny feud, and this volume is pretty heavily weighted in favor of Fremont, introducing rather clear evidence that he was a victim of the old army-navy game of throat cutting. Also, his relationship to Senator Thomas Hart Benton did not endear Fremont to some of the Senator's political enemies, not to mention the explorer's fellow officers in the army whom he passed up so swiftly on the promotion rolls. The ordeal and "disgrace" of the trial merely determined Fremont to redeem himself by doing the impossible—forcing a passage through the central Rockies in the dead of winter. Benton was anxious to establish a railroad link

between the East and the West. If Fremont could find a pass along the 38th parallel suitable for winter travel, he could wipe out in one dramatic stroke the stigma of the recent court-martial.

With thirty-five men, a large portion of whom were former mountain men and experienced hands, 130 mules, and the best equipment available, Fremont tackled the Rockies during the most severe winter that old timers had known. His immediate destination was Cochetopa Pass, which he missed by some twenty miles, ultimately losing all of his mules and about one-third of his men. Up to the moment of defeat, Fremont is made to appear the perfect commander, dedicated to an idea that would mean much to the future of the West. His conduct after his failure and retreat seems to lend support to the common charge of the day that he deserted his men. And his attempt to put the blame of failure upon his experienced guide, Old Bill Williams, and his charge that his men lacked the courage and will power to withstand hardship, is not only pettiness of the worst sort, but grossly untrue. The blame for failure rests squarely upon the shoulders of the egotistical commander, who pushed his luck too far and forgot that man is smaller than the mountains.

Brandon's book reads with grace and speed. The author does a beautiful job of weaving related materials in and out of the main channel of the story. Sometimes his philosophizing and literary diversions get a bit tiresome, but many of his carefully polished phrases and sentences are worth re-reading several times: they depart from recognizable clichés, but show the work of a master craftsman. The book is scholarly, unemotional, and a solid contribution to the exploration material on Western history.



GREAT ROUNDUP: THE STORY OF TEXAS AND SOUTHWESTERN COWMEN, by Lewis Nordyke. William Morrow & Company, N. Y., 1955. 238 pp. Illustrations, Maps, Photographs, and Index. \$5.00.

Reviewed by Clifford P. Westermeier
University of Arkansas

A Texan and author-newspaperman with an intimate knowledge of, and interest in, Western history has given a running story of the serious and dramatic struggle of the Southwestern cowman for survival. This struggle is concerned with the trail drives, droughts, blizzards, depressions and, in many instances, success. Any one or two of these hazards would have spelled the end of a less vigorous or vital industry. Brought together in too few pages, this story is concerned primarily with a decade of years—1877 to 1887—although there is an attempt to review, by implication and “easy-riding” prose, earlier problems of the cattle industry in the free range era.

Without a doubt the organization of the Stock Raisers Association of Northwestern Texas in 1877 was a significant factor in the stabilization of the industry in the history of Texas and of the Southwest. This, in turn, led to similar groups in other parts of Texas, and those combined forces eventually gave rise to the present day Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association.

In addition to fighting rustlers, a scourge of unlimitable possibilities, the organized cowmen faced innumerable problems which were characteristic of this particular industry and which developed as highly concentrated controversial issues of local, national and, on occasion, of international importance.

Of particular interest were the incipient jealousies and the struggle for power exhibited by those who rode “firm in the saddle.” Not unlike the savage inhabitants of the plain and prairie, they re-

fused to stand together and face the enemy until, as a last resort, desperation, despair, and ruin forced them to unity.

The tempo of *GREAT ROUNDUP* sways and sags as the days of the range cattle industry are numbered and the cowmen of the Southwest settle down to breed and feed their charges in barbed wire enclosures. For the reviewer it loses its “punch” as it traces the progress of the Association through the first half of the twentieth century, but, then, there was only one “day of the cattleman.”

The old reliable and familiar sources, such as Cox's, *the cattle industry of Texas and adjacent territory*, 1895; Hunter's, *the trail drivers of Texas*, and McCoy's, *historic sketches of the cattle trade of the west and southwest*, as well as the records of the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association, are much in evidence. *THE CATTLEMEN* also shared its wealth of information as did some contemporary newspapers. However, an expanded use of the latter, a rich and significant source, would probably have lent some contrast in the way of observation by non-participants in the industry.

Regardless of the author's statement concerning sources and reference material, footnotes to the text would have been invaluable to the reader.

* * *

CAPTURED BY INDIANS, by Howard H. Peckham. 238 pages and preface. Rutgers University Press, 1954, \$5.

Reviewed by Dorothy M. Johnson

There is no nonsense about this title. If you want to know what used to happen to white persons captured by Indians, you can find out right here.

To tell the 14 true stories in this volume, Howard H. Peckham, director of

the Clements library at the University of Michigan, has winnowed a vast number of old books, many of them hard to read because their authors felt obliged to be "literary." Just for instance, Fanny Kelly's *Narrative of My Captivity Among the Sioux Indians* is so full of Victorian exclamations about Oh-how-I-suffered (which she certainly did) that it is sometimes hard to tell just what went on.

Mr. Peckham has sorted out stark facts from pseudo-literary flossiness in many a rare and antique record of horror and courage and despair. He begins with Mary Rowlandson, taken in 1676 by Narragansetts in Massachusetts, and ends with Fanny Kelly, captured in 1864 by Sioux in Wyoming. Mrs. Kelly was by no means the last white captive, but Mr. Peckham elected to stop with her story. Think of this: for more than two hundred years frontier settlers faced fear—and still the frontier moved on.

Some of these captives are obscure, or were until Mr. Peckham resurrected them. Some are still well known. Daniel Boone, who was captured at least twice and outsmarted his captors, was one of the most famous men in the country when he died at 86. Cynthia Ann Parker, captured in 1836 when she was eight years old, became the mother of the Comanche chief, Quanah Parker. New Englanders still boast about the Reverend John Williams, taken with his family in the Deerfield massacre of 1704. He argued his Puritan theology endlessly in Canada with the Jesuit fathers who tried to convert him to theirs.

Some of the captives were not only obscure but did not even know they were captives. Owahowahkismewah was a contented Indian in British Columbia until 1851, when a snoopy fur trader told him he must be white. After that he was a lost, pathetic white man in search of his past. He found it; he was Matthew Brayton when he died at 51. But he had been happier as an Indian.

Those who were taken young, who could forget the brief past and adapt to Indian ways, were fortunate. Some of them did not care to go back and be white again even when they had the chance. To realize this must have been as cruel an experience for their white relatives as losing them in the first place.

After each harrowing tale of captivity, the author has provided a descriptive bibliography for the benefit of readers who want to know more.

The book is illustrated with reproductions of old woodcuts, suited to the subject matter but in most cases made by artists with no noticeable talent.

* * *

THE STORY OF THE U. S. CAVALRY, 1775-1942, by Major General John K. Herr, and Edward S. Wallace. With a foreward by General Jonathan M. Wainwright. U. S. A. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1953, 261 pp., \$6.00.

Reviewed by W. N. Davis, Jr.,
U. of Calif., Berkeley

Army men in Trans-Mississippi fighting days argued to a fare-thee-well the provocative question of whether the Infantry or the Cavalry did the better job against the Indian. This, of course, when something more substantial than the whims of newspaper writers was taken into account. *The Story of the U. S. Cavalry*, though unfailingly loyal to the cherished traditions of the trooper, brings out clearly what each of the two basic arms could and couldn't do in meeting the challenge of Indian warfare and the important degree to which they complemented each other on that hard assignment. Viewed relatively, the book gives generous space to the wars of the Plains and Mountains, with due recognition of the marvelous fighting prowess of the mounted Indians—"the finest light cavalry in the world." The authors go along with the highly meaningful statement that "every cavalryman is at heart a Westerner."

The book covers a great deal more than the Indian wars, however. For the authors, to cite their own words, have "tried to hit the high spots and to light up, a little, the past glory and glamor of the men on horseback" all the way from the early days of the Republic down to the demise of the horse cavalry during World War II. They have certainly succeeded in this. Moreover, they have brought up adequate historical background and have integrated coverage of the chronological periods, by means of skillful transition passages, into a connected, though admittedly not comprehensive, short general history of the subject. A strong feature of the work is its presentation of the organizational history of the Cavalry since Revolutionary times, including the assigned duty of the regiments during the various periods.

The authors have generally been careful with the facts. There is little or no exaggeration of the role of the Cavalry in the actions detailed. If too few quotation marks appear on portions of the text, the authors have simply free-loaded from the best authorities. They have set down a whole series of lively, fast-moving sketches of Cavalry campaigns of many kinds and of the sanguinary battle records of a host of notable cavalymen, such as Doniphan, Nathan Bedford Jones, James H. Wilson, Mackenzie, Custer, and Crook. Of no small worth in a study of this type, the authors' familiarity with the subject produces the authentic ring throughout. Major General Herr was the last U. S. Army Chief of Cavalry.

Unfortunately the book has no index, but its thirteen page bibliography is a useful checklist of titles on the subject. A fine selection of photographs, paintings, and sketches is included.

BITS OF BUFFALO BONES . . .

C. M. RUSSELL gallery catalog, Trigg—C. M. Russell Foundation, Inc., Great Falls, Montana. Attractive art layout and design by Stanley Legowik; excellent photographs of both the fine new gallery and the old log cabin studio of the artist and of the major CMR paintings which hang there; interesting narrative sketches by Dan Cushman, Norman A. Fox, C. G. McClave and a pertinent paragraph by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. An impressive 16 page package for all lovers of the great Cowboy Artist. 50 cents, and well worth it!

Our new C. M. RUSSELL six-color reproduction in limited edition of the fine early oil, "The Herd Quitter," owned for many years by Col. Wallis Huidekoper, \$10, 30 x 38 inches. A few remainders of the limited edition of the deluxe litho of "The Roundup," which were \$20, in the same format as above; now reduced to \$10. And best news of all—the first casting of a new Russell bronze in many years—from a small, but infinitely fine wax figure of a mounted Indian. Twenty castings only, from the original model in the Montana Historical Society collection, with no more ever to be cast. A beautiful desk piece at \$300. If interested, write for particulars.

A RARE PAMPHLET

SKETCH OF A TRIP FROM OMAHA TO SALMON RIVER, by Daniel McLaughlin. Printed for Everett D. Graff, Chicago, 1954. 18 pages. One hundred copies printed for private distribution. The original of this booklet was in the form of letters written at Auburn, Washington in 1863, printed in the Omaha Daily Nebraskan route to Fort Laramie, the Emigration of 1862, atrocities of the Indians, mountain roads and mountain scenery, Gold Mines of Salmon, Powder, and John Day rivers, life in the mountains, and Auburn, the gold mining center of the Northwest, soon to become a ghost town. The style is vivid and concise and the account is original in observations. It is a valuable book for those seeking material on early gold mines or on ghost towns. From the character of the publication, its existence may soon be lost except to a few collectors. —Dr. Paul C. Phillips, Missoula, Montana.

A RARE NEW BOOK

LOUIS RIEL, 1844-1885. A Biography, by William McCartney Davidson. Published privately for his widow at Alberta, Canada, 1955. 214 pp., paper bound. A worthy companion piece for Joseph Kinsey Howard's monumental *Strange Empire*; so shockingly objective that it was refused publication by most major Canadian publishing houses. The Historical Society of Montana has secured 100 copies—the only ones available, we believe, in the U. S., at the low price of only \$2. To be reviewed in our Fall issue.

TOP FLIGHT REVIEWERS

DOROTHY M. JOHNSON has been a New York magazine editor, has written for major magazines and her latest book is "Indian Country" . . . Montana-born BOB ATHEARN teaches history and has written such books as "Thomas Francis Meagher" and "Westward The Briton" . . . soon another important cattle and cowboy book by C. C. WESTERMEIER, "Trailing The Cowboy" will be released, and he has another in the hopper, "Who Rush To Glory," to add to "Man, Beast, Dust" and "The Story of the Rodeo" . . . PROF. RIEGEL is a leading historian of the American West, author of such excellent books as "Story of the Western Railroads" and "America Moves West," and a new two-volume masterpiece just released by McGraw-Hill, "The American Story" . . . W. E. HOLLON is another luminary in the field of Western history; his latest book, on William Marcy, which will be reviewed next issue, has had fine reviews to date . . . W. N. DAVIS, JR., has a splendid reputation for teaching, researching and writing on all phases of Western history; he is a recognized authority on the frontier military . . . LUDLOW DOOLEY is a learned Western bibliophile and bibliologist.

SENATOR WALSH

A long heralded biography of Montana's great Senator, Thomas J. Walsh, is now coming off the presses. Claude G. Bower, an eminent N. Y. journalist and historian, who knew Sen. Walsh well, advises that the writing and research by Josephine O'Keane of Billings is accurate and forceful and her book is "admirable" and "a fine achievement." We will review "Thomas J. Walsh, A Senator from Montana," in the fall issue.



A Remarkable New Custer Battle Painting.

A study of the prominent Billings, Montana, artist J. K. Ralston doing the final painting on his remarkable historical canvas "After The Battle." In this careful re-creation of the aftermath of the tragic Custer Battle on the Little Big Horn in 1876, the artist has based his work studiously on authentic versions gathered by leading historians and writers during the 79 years following the "massacre." Thirty-nine documented episodes appear in the 18 foot-long canvas, unveiled for the first time at the State Historical Museum on June 25, anniversary of the battle. Col. Brice Custer, U. S. Army, a descendent of the famous family; Edgar I. Stewart, author of the latest book on the subject, "Custer's Luck;" Major E. S. Luce, Superintendent of the Custer National Battlefield and Museum; Decendents of warriors who fought against the 7th Cavalry, including the Grandson of Wooden Leg, famous Cheyenne warrior; and other students of the battle and prominent citizens were present at the unveiling. In conjunction with the painting, some 100 relics of the battle will also be shown during the next three months in the State Museum at Helena.

UNITED STATES SENATE

Washington, D. C.

June 3, 1955

To the Editors of The Montana Magazine:

In May of 1954, it was my privilege to deliver an address in Helena under the auspices of The Montana Magazine. I deplored the tendency to argue and cavil about minor inaccuracies and to overlook major mistakes in the whole trend of history.

Since that time, my words have either been lifted out of context or deliberately distorted to make it appear as if I approved of deliberate inaccuracy in historical writing. The latest person to commit this error is the noted writer, Marian T. Place.

Let me set a few matters straight. To begin with, I doubt if many writers have made it a point to visit the locale of their writings as assiduously as I have. For example, I did not write about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (who I hope to describe for Montana Magazine soon) until I had visited Mountie posts from the American line to the Arctic Circle. I went over the whole Lewis and Clark trail before writing about those peers among explorers. I trekked through Hells Canyon on foot and horseback before describing that prodigious chasm. . . .

What I specifically regretted in my Helena speech was this—a long and fruitless argument with some correspondent over whether the Mackenzie River is 2,514 miles in length or 2,609 miles. Geographic authorities disagree on this. Why challenge a writer's complete authenticity because he selected one of two or three authorities?

Yet, the people who question such minor "inaccuracies" will accept complacently the thesis that Sacajawea actually guided Lewis and Clark, when it is highly debatable if this marvelous Indian woman did indeed perform such a feat. To summarize, I think too many people waste their time over trivialities in historic writing and, at the same time, give only a lick and a promise to analyzing major conclusions that have a profound bearing on our whole presentation of the past.

That's my opinion and I stand by it. But I challenge the assertion by Mrs. Place or anybody else that I indorsed inaccuracies, because I don't and never will. In conclusion, let me thank Mrs. Place and others for thinking my poor and meagre comments were worthy of their valuable attention.

Sincerely,

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER.

VISIT MAJESTIC MONTANA, VACATION PARADISE



WHERE THE REAL WEST STILL LIVES

